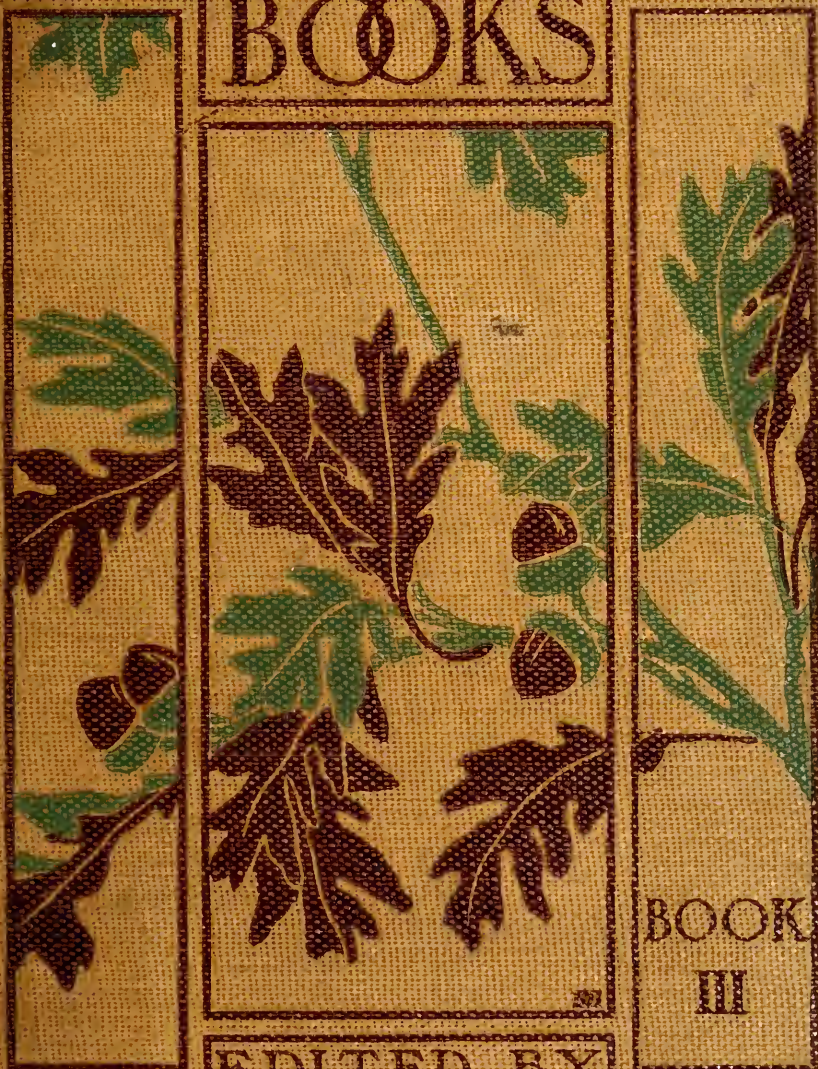


HEART OF OAK BOOKS



BOOK
III

EDITED BY
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON



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THE HEART OF OAK BOOKS

A COLLECTION OF TRADITIONAL RHYMES AND STORIES FOR CHILDREN,
AND OF MASTERPIECES OF POETRY AND PROSE FOR USE AT
HOME AND AT SCHOOL, CHOSEN WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE
TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION AND THE
DEVELOPMENT OF A TASTE FOR GOOD READING

In Seven Volumes

VOLUME III



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Frontispiece

STORY-TELLING TIME.

THE HEART OF OAK BOOKS

EDITED BY
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Third Book

FAIRY TALES, NARRATIVES, AND POEMS

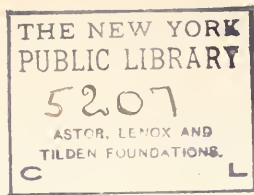
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1910

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INTRODUCTION.

A TASTE for good reading is an acquisition the worth of which is hardly to be overestimated; and yet a majority of children, even of those favored by circumstance, grow up without it. This defect is due partly to the fault or ignorance of parents and teachers; partly, also, to the want, in many cases, of the proper means of cultivation. For this taste, like most others, is usually not so much a gift of nature as a product of cultivation. A wide difference exists, indeed, in children in respect to their natural inclination for reading, but there are few in whom it cannot be more or less developed by careful and judicious training.

This training should begin very early. Even before the child has learned the alphabet, his mother's lullaby or his nurse's song may have begun the attuning of his ear to the melodies of verse, and the quickening of his mind with pleasant fancies. As he grows older, his first reading should be made attractive to him by its ease and entertainment.

The reading lesson should never be hard or dull; nor should it be made the occasion for instruction in any specific branch of knowledge. The essential thing is that in beginning to learn to read the child should like what he reads or hears read, and that the matter should be of a sort to fix itself in his mind without wearisome effort. He should be led on by pleasure from step to step.

His very first reading should mainly consist in what may cultivate his ear for the music of verse, and may rouse his fancy. And to this end nothing is better than the rhymes and jingles which have sung themselves, generation after generation, in the nursery or on the playground. "Mother Goose"

is the best primer. No matter if the rhymes be nonsense verses; many a poet might learn the lesson of good versification from them, and the child in repeating them is acquiring the accent of emphasis and of rhythmical form. Moreover, the mere art of reading is the more readily learned, if the words first presented to the eye of the child are those which are already familiar to his ear.

The next step is easy, to the short stories which have been told since the world was young; old fables in which the teachings of long experience are embodied, legends, fairy tales, which form the traditional common stock of the fancies and sentiment of the race.

These naturally serve as the gate of entrance into the wide open fields of literature, especially into those of poetry. Poetry is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment, as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. A man may know all science and yet remain uneducated. But let him truly possess himself of the work of any one of the great poets, and no matter what else he may fail to know, he is not without education.

The field of good literature is so vast that there is something in it for every intelligence. But the field of bad literature is not less broad, and is likely to be preferred by the common, uncultivated taste. To make good reading more attractive than bad, to give right direction to the choice, the growing intelligence of the child should be nourished with selected portions of the best literature, the virtue of which has been approved by long consent. These selections, besides merit in point of literary form, should possess as general human interest as possible, and should be specially chosen with reference to the culture of the imagination.

The imagination is the supreme intellectual faculty, and yet it is of all the one which receives least attention in our common systems of education. The reason is not far to seek. The imagination is of all the faculties the most difficult to control, it is the most elusive of all, the most far-reaching in

its relations, the rarest in its full power. But upon its healthy development depend not only the sound exercise of the faculties of observation and judgment, but also the command of the reason, the control of the will, and the quickening and growth of the moral sympathies. The means for its culture which good reading affords is the most generally available and one of the most efficient.

To provide this means is the chief end of the HEART OF OAK series of Reading Books. The selections which it contains form a body of reading, adapted to the progressive needs of childhood and youth, chosen from the masterpieces of the literature of the English-speaking race. For the most part they are pieces already familiar and long accepted as among the best, wherever the English language is spoken. The youth who shall become acquainted with the contents of these volumes will share in the common stock of the intellectual life of the race to which he belongs; and will have the door opened to him of all the vast and noble resources of that life.

The books are meant alike for the family and the school. The teacher who may use them in the schoolroom will find in them a variety large enough for the different capacities and interests of his pupils, and will find nothing in them but what may be of service to himself also. Every competent teacher will already be possessed of much which they contain; but the worth of the masterpieces of any art increases with use and familiarity of association. They grow fresher by custom; and the love of them deepens in proportion to the time we have known them, and to the memories with which they have become invested.

In the use of these books in the education of children, it is desirable that much of the poetry which they contain should be committed to memory. To learn by heart the best poems is one of the best parts of the school education of the child. But it must be learning *by heart*; that is, not merely by rote as a task, but by heart as a pleasure. The exercise, however difficult at first, becomes easy with continual practice. At

first the teacher must guard against exacting too much; weariness quickly leads to disgust; and the young scholar should be helped to find delight in work itself.

These books are, in brief, meant not only as manuals for learning to read, but as helps to the cultivation of the taste, and to the healthy development of the imagination of those who use them, and thus to the formation and invigoration of the best elements of character.

In the preparation of the HEART OF OAK BOOKS I have received assistance of various sorts from various persons, to all of whom I offer my thanks. I regret that I am not allowed to mention by name one without whose help the Books would not have been made, and to whose hand most of the Notes are due.

The accuracy of the text of the pieces of which the volumes are composed has been secured by the painstaking and scholarly labor of Mr. George H. Browne of Cambridge, Mass.

The frontispiece and seven illustrations to *Grimm's Tales* are after the famous etchings by George Cruikshank, which have been so warmly praised by Ruskin, Thackeray, and Philip G. Hamerton. (See Notes, p. 164.)

The illustrations to the "Walrus and the Carpenter" are faithful copies of the woodcuts from drawings by Sir John Tenniel, who was the first and only illustrator of the "Alice in Wonderland" books.

The other illustrations have been especially drawn for this book by Mr. Ernest Fosbery.

C. E. NORTON.

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THE
HEART OF OAK BOOKS.

THIRD BOOK.

THE FAIRY FOLK.

William Allingham.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home :
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow ;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.

Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA.

Translated from the Japanese by B. H. Chamberlain.

Long, long ago there lived on the coast of the sea of Japan a young fisherman named Urashima, a kindly lad and clever with his rod and line.

Well, one day he went out in his boat to fish. But instead of catching any fish, what do you think he caught? Why! a great big tortoise, with a hard shell and such a funny wrinkled old face and a tiny tail. Now I must tell you something which very likely you don't know, and that is that tortoises always live a thousand years — at least Japanese tortoises do.

So Urashima thought to himself: "A fish would do for my dinner just as well as this tortoise — in fact better. Why should I go and kill the poor thing, and prevent

it from enjoying itself for another nine hundred and ninety-nine years? No, no! I won't be so cruel. I am sure mother wouldn't like me to."

And with these words he threw the tortoise back into the sea.

The next thing that happened was that Urashima went to sleep in his boat; for it was one of those hot summer days when almost everybody enjoys a nap of an afternoon.

And as he slept, there came up from beneath the waves a beautiful girl, who got into the boat and said: "I am the daughter of the Sea-God, and I live with my father in the Dragon Palace beyond the waves. It was not a tortoise that you caught just now, and so kindly threw back into the water instead of killing it. It was myself. My father, the Sea-God, had sent me to see whether you were good or bad. We now know that you are a good, kind boy who doesn't like to do cruel things, and so I have come to fetch you. You shall marry me, if you like; and we will live happily together for a thousand years in the Dragon Palace beyond the deep blue sea."

So Urashima took one oar, and the Sea-God's daughter took the other; and they rowed, and they rowed, and they rowed, till at last they came to the Dragon Palace where the Sea-God lived and ruled as king over all the Dragons and the tortoises and the fishes.

O dear! what a lovely place it was! The walls of the Palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, the fishes' scales were of silver, and the dragons' tails of solid gold. Just think of the very most beautiful, glittering things that you have ever seen, and put them all together, and then you will know what this

Palace looked like. And it all belonged to Urashima; for was he not the son-in-law of the Sea-God, the husband of the lovely Dragon Princess?

Well, they lived on happily for three years, wandering about every day among the beautiful trees with emerald leaves and ruby berries.

But one morning Urashima said to his wife: "I am very happy here. Still I want to go home and see my father and mother and brothers and sisters. Just let me go for a short time, and I'll soon be back again."

"I don't like you to go," said she; "I am very much afraid that something dreadful will happen. However, if you will go, there is no help for it. Only you must take this box, and be very careful not to open it. If you open it, you will never be able to come back here."

So Urashima promised to take great care of the box, and not to open it on any account, and then, getting into his boat, he rowed off, and at last landed on the shore of his own country.

But what had happened while he had been away? Where had his father's cottage gone? What had become of the village where he used to live? The mountains indeed were there as before, but the trees on them had been cut down. The little brook that ran close by his father's cottage was still running, but there were no women washing clothes in it any more. It seemed very strange that everything should have changed so much in three short years.

So as two men chanced to pass along the beach, Urashima went up to them and said, "Can you tell me,

please, where Urashima's cottage, that used to stand here, has been moved?" — "Urashima?" said they; "why! it was four hundred years ago that he was drowned out fishing. His parents and his brothers and their grandchildren are all dead long ago. It is an old, old story. How can you be so foolish as to ask after his cottage? It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago."

Then it suddenly flashed across Urashima's mind that the Sea-God's Palace beyond the waves, with its coral walls and its ruby fruits and its dragons with tails of solid gold, must be part of fairy-land, and that one day there was probably as long as a year in this world, so that his three years in the Sea-God's Palace had really been hundreds of years. Of course there was no use in staying at home, now that all his friends were dead and buried, and even the village had passed away.

So Urashima was in a great hurry to get back to his wife, the Dragon Princess beyond the sea. But which was the way? He couldn't find it with no one to show it to him. "Perhaps," thought he, "if I open the box which she gave me, I shall be able to find the way." So he disobeyed her orders not to open the box, or perhaps he forgot them, foolish boy that he was. Anyhow he opened the box; and what do you think came out of it? Nothing but a white cloud which floated away over the sea. Urashima shouted to the cloud to stop, rushed about, and screamed with sorrow, for he remembered now what his wife had told him, and how, after opening the box, he should never be able to go to the Sea-God's Palace again. But soon he could neither run nor shout any more.

Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled, and his back bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped, and he fell down dead on the beach.

Poor Urashima! He died because he had been foolish and disobedient. If only he had done as he was told, he might have lived another thousand years. Wouldn't you like to go and see the Dragon Palace beyond the waves, where the Sea-God lives and rules as king over the Dragons and the tortoises and the fishes, where the trees have emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, where the fishes' tails are of silver and the dragons' tails all of solid gold?

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

AN OLD SONG.

Come follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green ;
Come, follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand let's dancee around,
For this place is fairy ground.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet,¹ which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn eups fill'd to the brink.

¹ Fine bread.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance a while
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glowworm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we that night before have been.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

He was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell,
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they lov'd one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and slender and fine ;
And each said, " Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good ;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
And what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

MY SHADOW.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
grow —

Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber
ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him
at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks
to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

NIPPER.

Dr. John Brown.

Many years ago I was walking down Duke Street, Edinburgh, when I felt myself gently nipped in the leg. I turned, and there was a ragged little terrier crouching and abasing himself utterly, as if asking pardon for what he had done. He then stood up on end and begged as only these coaxing little ruffians can. Being in a hurry, I curtly praised his performance with "Good dog!" clapped his dirty sides, and, turning round, made down the hill; when presently the same nip, perhaps a little nipper, — the same scene, only more intense, — the same begging and urgent motioning of his short, shaggy paws.

"There's meaning in this," said I to myself, and looked at him keenly and differently. He seemed to twig at once, and with a shrill cry was off much faster than I could go. He stopped every now and then to see that I followed, and by way of urging me sat up on end as if begging, and when I came up, was off again. This continued till, after going through sundry streets and by-lanes, we came to a gate, under which my short-legged friend disappeared. Of course I couldn't follow him. This astonished him greatly.

He came out to me, and as much as said, "Why on earth don't you come in?" I tried to open the gate, but in vain. My friend vanished and was silent. I was leaving in despair and disgust, when I heard his muffled, ecstatic yelp far off round the end of the wall, and there he was, wild with excitement. I followed and came to a place where, with effort, I squeezed myself into a

deserted coachyard, lying all rude and waste. My peremptory small friend went under a shed and disappeared in a twinkling through the door of an old coach-body which had long ago parted from its wheels and was sitting on the ground. I looked in, and there was a pointer with a litter of five pups, the mother like a ghost, and wild with anxiety and hunger.

I never saw a more affecting or more miserable scene than that family inside the coach. The poor bewildered mother, I found, had been lost by some sportsman returning south, and must have slunk away there into that deserted place, and there, in that forlorn retreat, had borne her litter, rushing out from time to time to grab any chance garbage, running back fiercely to them — this going on day after day, night after night. You can imagine what the relief was when we got her well fed and cared for, and her children filled and silent, all cuddling about her asleep, and she asleep too; awaking up to assure herself that this was all true, and that there they were, all the five, each as plump as plums.

Nipper, I took home that night — for he was a waif — and gave him his name. He lived for years a merry life with me; showed much pluck and zeal in the killing of rats, and at length died, aged sixteen, healthy, lean, and happy to the last.

THE LOST DOLL.

Charles Kingsley.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;

Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the meadow one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the meadow one day ;
And though she is horribly changed, dears,
And her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled,
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

THE FROG-PRINCE.

One fine evening a young princess went into a wood and sat down by the side of a cool spring of water. She had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favorite plaything, and she amused herself with tossing it into the air and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that when she stretched out her hand to catch it, the ball bounded away and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell into the spring. The princess looked into the spring after her ball ; but it was very deep, so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Then she began to lament her loss, and said, "Alas ! if I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world."

While she was speaking a frog put its head out of the water and said, "Princess, why do you weep so bitterly?" "Alas!" said she, "what can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring." The frog said, "I want not your pearls and jewels and fine clothes; but if you will love me and let me live with you, and eat from your little golden plate, and sleep upon your little bed, I will bring you your ball again." "What nonsense," thought the princess, "this silly frog is talking! He can never get out of the well: however, he may be able to get my ball for me; and therefore I will promise him what he asks." So she said to the frog, "Well, if you will bring me my ball, I promise to do all you require."

Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the ground. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up, and was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again, that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her, "Stay, princess, and take me with you as you promised;" but she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise, tap-tap, as if somebody was coming up the marble staircase; and soon afterwards something knocked gently at the door, and said:

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said,
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten; she was terribly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could, came back to her seat. The king her father asked her what had frightened her. "There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, who lifted my ball out of the spring last evening: I promised him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door and wants to come in!" While she was speaking, the frog knocked again at the door, and said:

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said,
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

The king said to the young princess, "As you have made a promise, you must keep it; so go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and came up close to the table. "Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess, "and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate closer to me that I may eat out of it." This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, "Now I am tired; carry me upstairs and put me into your little bed." And the princess took him up in her hand and put him upon the pillow of her own little bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light, he jumped up, hopped downstairs, and went out of the house. "Now," thought the princess, "he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken; for when night came again, she heard the same tapping at the door, and when she opened it, the frog came in and slept upon her pillow as before till the morning broke: and the third night he did the same; but when the princess awoke on the following morning, she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince standing at the head of her bed, and gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a malicious fairy, who had changed him into the form of a frog, in which he was fated to remain till some princess should take him out of the spring and let him sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in giving her consent; and as they spoke, a splendid carriage drove up with eight beautiful horses decked with plumes of feathers and golden harness, and behind rode the prince's servant, the faithful Henry, who had bewailed the misfortune of his dear master so long and bitterly that his heart had well-nigh burst. Then all set out full of joy for the prince's kingdom, where they arrived safely, and lived happily a great many years.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER.

Hans Christian Andersen.

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they had been made out of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered arms and looked straight before them. They wore splendid red and blue uniforms. The first thing in the world they ever heard were the words, "Tin soldiers!" uttered by a little boy, who clapped his hands with delight when the lid of the box in which they lay was taken off. They were given him for a birthday present, and he stood at the table to set them up. The soldiers were all exactly alike, except one, who had only one leg; he had been left till the last, and then there was not enough of the melted tin to finish him; but he stood just as firmly on one leg as the others did on two, and on that account he was very noticeable.

The table on which the tin soldiers stood was covered with other playthings, but the most attractive one was a pretty little paper castle. Through the small windows, the rooms could be seen. In front of the castle, a number of little trees surrounded a piece of looking-glass, which was intended to represent a transparent lake. Swans, made of wax, swam on the lake, and were reflected in it. All this was very pretty, but the prettiest of all was a tiny little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle. She, also, was made of paper, and she wore a dress of the thinnest muslin, with a narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders just like a scarf. In the middle of this was fixed a glittering tinsel rose, as large as her whole face.

The little lady was a dancer, and she stretched out both her arms, and raised one of her legs so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all, and he thought that she, like himself, had only one leg. "That is the wife for me," he thought; "yet she is too grand, and lives in a castle, while I have only a box to live in, five-and-twenty of us all together; that is no place for her. Still I must try to make her acquaintance." Then he laid himself at full length on the table behind a snuff-box that stood upon it, so that he could peep at the delicate little lady who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, the other tin soldiers were all placed in the box, and the people of the house went to bed. Then the playthings began to have their own games together, to pay visits, to have sham-fights, and to give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box; they wanted to get out and join the amusements, but they could not open the lid. The nut-crackers played at leap-frog, and the pencil jumped about the table. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk, and in poetry too. Only the tin soldier and the dancer remained in their places. She stood on the tip of one toe, with her arms stretched out, as firmly as he did on his one leg. He never took his eyes from her even for a moment. The clock struck twelve, and, with a bounce, up sprang the lid of the snuff-box; but, instead of snuff, there jumped up a little black goblin; for the snuff-box was a toy puzzle.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "don't wish for what does not belong to you."

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear. "Very well; wait till to-morrow, then," said the goblin.

When the children came in the next morning, they placed the tin soldier in the window. Now, whether it was the goblin that did it, or the draught, at all events the window flew open, and out fell the tin soldier, heels over head, from the third story, into the street beneath. It was a terrible fall; for he came head downwards, his helmet and his bayonet stuck in between the flagstones, and his one leg up in the air. The servant-maid and the little boy went downstairs directly to look for him; but, although once they nearly trod upon him, they did not see him. If he had called out, "Here I am," it would have been all right; but he was too proud to cry out for help while he wore a uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a heavy shower. When it was over, two boys happened to pass by, and one of them said, "Look, there is a tin soldier! He ought to have a boat to sail in."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, and placed the tin soldier in it, and sent him sailing down the gutter, while the two boys ran by the side of it, and clapped their hands. Good gracious, what large waves arose in that gutter! and how fast the stream rolled on! The rain had been very heavy.

The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned itself round sometimes so quickly that the tin soldier trembled; yet he remained firm; his countenance did not change; he looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket. Suddenly the boat shot under a bridge which crossed the drain, and then it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

“Where am I going now?” thought he. “This is the black goblin’s fault, I am sure. Ah, well, if the little lady were only here with me in the boat, I should not care for any darkness.”

Suddenly there appeared a great water-rat, which lived in the drain.

“Have you a passport?” asked the rat; “give it to me at once.” But the tin soldier remained silent, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat sailed on, and the rat followed it. How he did gnash his teeth and cry out to the bits of wood and straw, “Stop him, stop him; he has not paid toll, and has not shown his pass.”

But the stream rushed on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight where the arch ended. Then he heard a roaring sound quite terrible enough to frighten the bravest man. It was only that, at the end of the tunnel, the gutter emptied into a large drain; but that was as dangerous to him as a high water-fall would be to us.

He was too close to it to stop. The boat rushed on, and the poor tin soldier could only hold himself as stiffly as possible, without moving an eyelid, to show that he was not afraid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and then filled with water to the very edge; nothing could save it from sinking. He now stood up to his neck in water, while deeper and deeper sank the boat, and the paper became soft and loose with the wet. At last the water closed over the soldier’s head. He thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and the words of the song sounded in his ears —

“Farewell warrior! ever brave,
Drifting onward to thy grave.”

Then the paper boat fell to pieces, and the soldier sank into the water, and immediately afterwards was swallowed up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was inside the fish! a great deal darker than in the drain, and narrower too, but the tin soldier continued firm, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket. The fish swam to and fro, making the most fearful movements, but at last he became quite still. After a while, a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him, and then the daylight appeared, and a voice cried out, “I declare, here is the tin soldier!” The fish had been caught, taken to the market and sold to the cook, who took him into the kitchen and cut him open with a large knife. She picked up the soldier and held him by the waist between her finger and thumb, and carried him into another room, where the people were all anxious to see this wonderful soldier who had travelled about inside a fish; but he was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and — how many curious things do happen in the world! — there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen; there were the same children, the same playthings standing on the table, and the fine castle with the pretty little dancer at the door. She still balanced herself on one leg and held up the other: she was as firm as himself. It touched the tin soldier so much to see her that he almost wept tin tears, but he kept them back. He looked at her, but she said nothing.

Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, and threw him into the stove. He had no reason for

doing so, therefore it must have been the fault of the black goblin who lived in the snuff-box. The flames lighted up the tin soldier as he stood; the heat was very terrible, but whether it proceeded from the real fire or from the fire of love he could not tell. The bright colors of his uniform were faded, but whether they had been washed off during his journey, or from the effects of his sorrow, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still remained firm with the gun on his shoulder. Suddenly the door of the room flew open, and the draught of air caught up the little dancer. She fluttered like a sylph right into the stove by the side of the tin soldier, was instantly in flames and was gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the servant took the ashes out of the stove, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. Of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burnt black as a cinder.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

THERE was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling, and was on all occasions despised and ill-treated by the whole family. It happened that the eldest took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a delicious pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work.

As he went into the wood, a little old man bade him good-day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle; I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine! No, I thank you; I should not have enough left for myself:" and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was obliged to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that caused him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work; and his mother gave him too a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself vastly clever, and said, "Whatever you get, I shall lose; so go your way!" The little man took care that he should have his reward; and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree, hit him on the leg; so that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father answered, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing of the business." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way; you will be wiser when you have suffered for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread, and a bottle of sour beer; but when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if

that will suit you, we will sit down and eat it together." So they sat down, and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a capital pasty, and his sour beer became delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree; cut it down and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found in a hollow under the roots a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to an inn, where he proposed to sleep for the night. The landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose, they were very curious to examine what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till his back was turned, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great surprise there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again.

Presently in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, "Keep away! for heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast, and hung to the goose as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night.

The next morning, Dummling carried off the goose under his arm, and took no notice of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind; and wherever he travelled, they too were obliged to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs could carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields? Is that proper behavior?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but the moment he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train. Presently, up came the clerk; and when he saw his master the parson running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and said, "Hollo! hollo! your reverence! whither so fast? there is a christening to-day." Then he ran up, and took him by the gown, and in a moment he was fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two laborers with their mattocks, coming from work; and the parson cried out to them to set him free. But scarcely had they touched him, when they too fell into the ranks, and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his goose.

At last they arrived at a city, where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and serious a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh; and the king had proclaimed to all the world, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running about, treading on each other's heels, she could not



"ALL RUNNING AFTER DUMMLING."



help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dumm-ling claimed her for his wife; the wedding was celebrated, and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

William Cullen Bryant.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creatures; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
 One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE BLUE LIGHT.

A SOLDIER had served a king his master many years,
till at last he was turned off without pay or reward.
How he should get his living he did not know: so he set

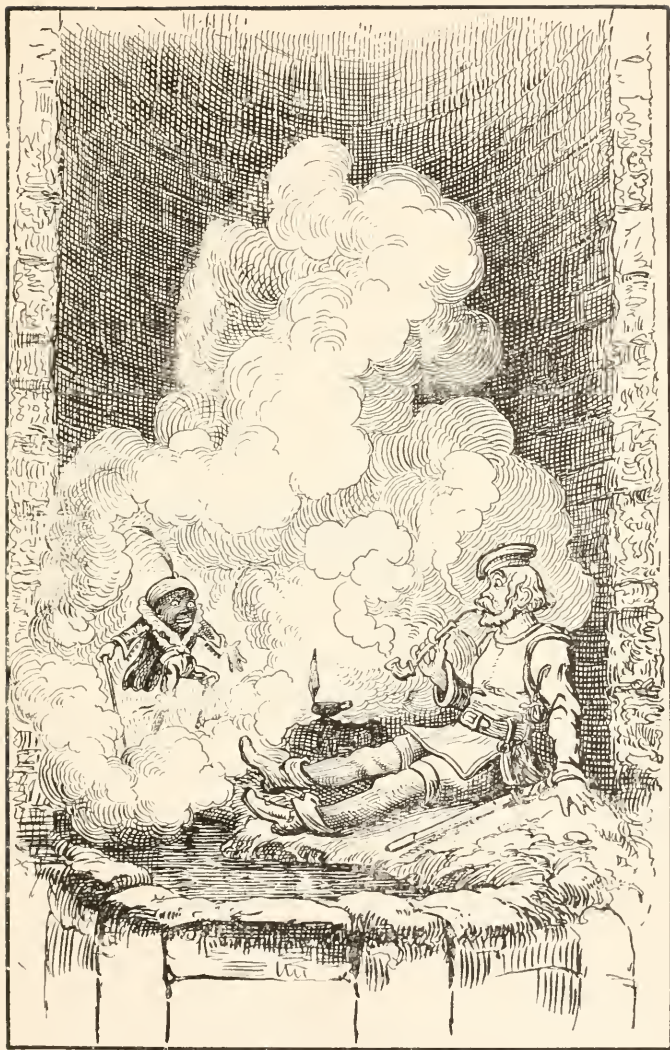
out and journeyed homeward all day, in a very downcast mood, until in the evening he came to the edge of a deep wood. The road leading that way, he pushed forward, but had not gone far before he saw a light glimmering through the trees, towards which he bent his weary steps; and soon came to a hut where no one lived but an old witch.

The poor fellow begged for a night's lodging and something to eat and drink; but she would listen to nothing: however, he was not easily got rid of; and at last she said, "I think I will take pity on you this once; but if I do, you must dig over all my garden for me in the morning." The soldier agreed very willingly to anything she asked, and he became her guest.

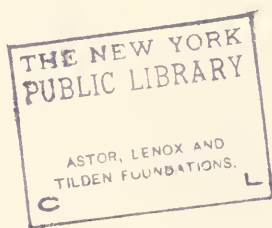
The next day, he kept his word and dug the garden very neatly. The job lasted all day; and in the evening, when his mistress would have sent him away, he said, "I am so tired from my work that I must beg you to let me stay over the night." The old lady vowed at first she would not do any such thing; but after a great deal of talk, he carried his point, agreeing to chop up a whole cart-load of wood for her the next day.

This task too was duly ended; but not till towards night; and then the soldier found himself so tired, that he begged a third night's rest: and this too was given, but only on his pledging his word that next day he would fetch the witch the blue light that burnt at the bottom of the well.

When morning came, she led him to the well's mouth, tied him to a long rope, and let him down. At the bottom, sure enough, he found the blue light as the witch



"A LITTLE BLACK DWARF."



had said, and at once made the signal for her to draw him up again. But when she had pulled him up so near to the top that she could reach him with her hands, she said, "Give me the light, I will take care of it," — meaning to play him a trick, by taking it for herself, and letting him fall again to the bottom of the well. But the soldier saw through her wicked thoughts, and said, "No, I shall not give you the light till I find myself safe and sound out of the well." At this she became very angry, and dashed him, with the light she had longed for, many a year, down to the bottom. And there lay the poor soldier for a while in despair, on the damp mud below, and feared that his end was nigh. But his pipe happened to be in his pocket still half full, and he thought to himself, "I may as well make an end of smoking ~~you out~~; it is the last pleasure I shall have in this world." So he lit it at the blue light, and began to smoke.

Up rose a cloud of smoke, and on a sudden a little black dwarf was seen making his way through the midst of it. "What do you want with me, soldier?" said he. "I have no business with you," answered the soldier. But the dwarf said, "I am bound to serve you in everything, as lord and master of the blue light." "Then first of all be so good as to help me out of this well." No sooner said than done: the dwarf took him by the hand and drew him up, and the blue light of course with him. "Now do me another piece of kindness," said the soldier: "Pray let that old lady take my place in the well." When the dwarf had done this and lodged the witch safely at the bottom, they began to ransack her treasures; and the soldier made bold to carry off as much of her gold and silver

as he well could. Then the dwarf said, "If you should chance at any time to want me, you have nothing to do but to light your pipe at the blue light, and I will soon be with you."

The soldier was not a little pleased at his good luck, and went into the best inn in the first town he came to, and ordered some fine clothes to be made and a handsome room to be got ready for him. When all was ready, he called his little man to him, and said, "The king sent me away penniless, and left me to hunger and want: I have a mind to show him that it is my turn to be master now; so bring me his daughter here this evening, that she may wait upon me, and do what I bid her." "That is rather a dangerous task," said the dwarf. But away he went, took the princess out of her bed, fast asleep as she was, and brought her to the soldier.

Very early in the morning, he carried her back; and as soon as she saw her father, she said, "I had a strange dream last night: I thought I was carried away through the air to a soldier's house, and there I waited upon him as his servant." Then the king wondered greatly at such a story; but told her to make a hole in her pocket and fill the pocket with peas, so that if it were really as she said, and the whole was not a dream, the peas might fall out in the streets as she passed through, and leave a clue to tell whither she had been taken. She did so; but the dwarf had heard the king's plot; and when evening came, and the soldier said he must bring him the princess again, he strewed peas over several of the streets, so that the few that fell from her pocket were not known from the others; and the people amused themselves all the next

day picking up peas, and wondering where so many came from.

When the princess told her father what had happened to her the second time, he said, "Take one of your shoes with you and hide it in the room you are taken to." The dwarf heard this also; and when the soldier told him to bring the king's daughter again, he said, "I cannot save you this time; it will be an unlucky thing for you if you are found out,—as I think you will be." But the soldier would have his own way. "Then you must take care, and make the best of your way out of the city gate very early in the morning," said the dwarf.

The princess kept one shoe on, as her father bade her, and hid it in the soldier's room: and when she got back to her father, he ordered it to be sought for all over the town; and at last it was found where she had hid it. The soldier had run away, it is true! But he had been too slow, and was soon caught and thrown into a strong prison, and loaded with chains:—what was worse, in the hurry of his flight, he had left behind him his great treasure, the blue light, and all his gold, and had nothing left in his pocket but one poor ducat.

As he was standing very sorrowfully at the prison grating, he saw one of his comrades, and calling out to him said, "If you will bring me a little bundle I left in the inn, I will give you a ducat." His comrade thought this very good pay for such a job; so he went away, and soon came back bringing the blue light and the gold. Then the soldier soon lit his pipe; up rose the smoke, and with it came his old friend the little dwarf. "Do not fear, master," said he, "keep up your heart at your

trial and leave everything to take its course; — only mind to take the blue light with you.” The trial soon came on; the matter was sifted to the bottom; the prisoner found guilty, and his doom passed: he was ordered to be hanged forthwith on the gallows tree.

But as he was led out, he said he had one favor to beg of the king. “What is it?” said his majesty. “That you will deign to let me smoke one pipe on the road.” “Two, if you like,” said the king. Then he lit his pipe at the blue light, and the black dwarf was before him in a moment. “Be so good as to kill, slay, or put to flight all these people,” said the soldier; “and as for the king, you may cut him into three pieces.” Then the dwarf began to lay about him, and soon got rid of the crowd around: but the king begged hard for mercy; and to save his life, agreed to let the soldier have the princess for his wife, and to leave the kingdom to him when he died.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

From THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Lewis Carroll.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it *would* be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:

We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.



"THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER."

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!”
“The night is fine!” the Walrus said,
“Do you admire the view?”

“It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“Cut us another slice;

I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

Hans Christian Andersen.

IT was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks in the meadows looked beautiful. On a sunny slope, stood a pleasant old farm-house, close by a deep river. Under

some big burdock leaves on the bank, sat a duck on her nest, waiting for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells.

At length one shell cracked, and then another, and from each egg came a living creature that lifted its head and cried, "Peep, peep." "Quack, quack," said the mother, and then they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about them on every side at the large green leaves. Their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes. "How large the world is," said the young ducks, when they found how much more room they now had than while they were inside the egg-shell. "Do you imagine this is the whole world?" asked the mother; "wait till you have seen the garden; it stretches far beyond that to the parson's field, but I have never ventured so far. Are you all out?" she continued, rising; "no, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how long this is to last, I am quite tired of it;" and she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who paid her a visit.

"One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck, "it will not break. But just look at all the others, are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw?"

"Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the old duck; "I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I was persuaded to hatch some once, and after all my care and trouble with the young ones, they were afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. I

could not get them to venture in. Let me look at the egg. Yes, that is a turkey's egg; take my advice, leave it where it is, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck; "I have sat so long already, a few days will be nothing."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg hatched, and a young one crept forth, crying, "Peep, peep." It was very large and ugly. The duck stared at it, and exclaimed, "It is very large, and not at all like the others. I wonder if it really is a turkey. We shall soon find out when we go to the water. It must go in, if I have to push it in myself."

On the next day, the weather was delightful, and the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water, and jumped in with a splash. "Quack, quack," cried she, and one after another the little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and swam about quite prettily with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible, and the ugly duckling swam with them.

"Oh," said the mother, "that is not a turkey; how well he uses his legs, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now, I will take you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me, or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat."

The ducklings did as they were bid, and, when they

came to the yard, the other ducks stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! and what a queer-looking object one of them is; we don't want him here," and then one flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said his mother; "he is not doing any harm."

"Yes, but he is too big and ugly," said the spiteful duck, "and therefore he must be turned out."

They soon got to feel at home in the farmyard; but the poor duckling that had crept out of his shell last of all and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks, but by all the poultry. "He is too big," they all said, and the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs, and fancied himself really an emperor, puffed himself out and flew at the duckling, and became quite red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and was quite miserable because he was so ugly and laughed at by the whole farmyard. So it went on from day to day, till it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you," and his mother said she wished he had never been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings.

"They are afraid of me because I am so ugly," he said. So he closed his eyes, and flew still farther, until

he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade. "What sort of duck are you?" they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them, and was as polite as he could be, but he did not reply to their question. "You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks, "but that will not matter if you do not marry into our family." Poor thing! all he wanted was to stay among the rushes, and find something to eat and drink.

After he had been on the moor two days, some men came to shoot the birds there. How they terrified the poor duckling! He hid himself among the reeds, and lay quite still, when suddenly a dog came running by him, and went splash into the water without touching him. "Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me."

It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited for several hours, and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly struggle against it. Towards evening, he reached a poor little cottage. The duckling was so tired that he could go no farther; he sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that there was a hole near the bottom of the door, large enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly and got a shelter for the night.

A woman, a tom-cat, and a hen lived in this cottage.

The tom-cat, whom his mistress called "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, so she was called "Chickie short legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning, the strange visitor was discovered, and the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

"What is that noise about?" said the old woman, looking round the room, but her sight was not very good; therefore, when she saw the duckling, she thought it must be a fat duck that had strayed from home. "Oh, what a prize!" she exclaimed, "I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some duck's eggs. I must wait and see." So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks, but there were no eggs.

Now the tom-cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they always said, "We and the world," for they believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen would not listen to such doubts. "Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No." "Then have the goodness to hold your tongue." "Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" said the tom-cat. "No." "Then you have no right to express an opinion when sensible people are speaking." So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very low-spirited, 'till the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, and then he began to feel such a great longing for a swim on the water, that he could not help telling the hen.

"What an absurd idea," said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

"But it is delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so refreshing to feel it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful indeed!" said the hen, "why you must be crazy! Ask the cat, he is the cleverest animal I know, ask him how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it, for I will not speak of my own opinion; ask our mistress, the old woman — there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who can understand you, I wonder? Do you consider yourself more clever than the cat, or the old woman? I will say nothing of myself. Don't imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been received here. Are you not in a warm room, and in society from which you may learn something. But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is a proof of my friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs, and learn to purr as quickly as possible."

"I believe I must go out into the world again," said the duckling.

"Yes, do," said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage, and soon found water on which he could swim and dive, but he was avoided by all other animals because he was so ugly.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold; then, as winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them in the cold air. The clouds, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on the ferns, crying, "Croak, croak." It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling.

One evening, just as the sun set, amid bright clouds, there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. They were swans, and they curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. They uttered a singular cry, as they spread their glorious wings and flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries across the sea. As they mounted higher and higher in the air, the ugly little duckling felt a strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened himself. Could he ever forget those beautiful happy birds; and when at last they were out of his sight, he dived under the water, and rose again almost beside himself with excitement. He knew not the names of these birds, nor where they had flown, but he felt towards them as he had never felt for any other bird in the world. He was not envious of these beautiful creatures, but he wished to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would have lived even with the ducks, had they only given him encouragement. The winter grew colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but

every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a peasant, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm; so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk-pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter-cask, then into the meal-tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other, in their efforts to catch him; but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the newly fallen snow.

It would be very sad, were I to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed, he found himself lying one morning in a moor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring. Then the young bird felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air.

They bore him onwards, until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew how it had happened. The apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful, in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket elose by, eame three beautiful white swans, rustling their feathers, and swimming lightly over the smooth water. The duekling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely unhappy than ever.

"I will fly to these royal birds," he exclaimed, "and they will kill me, because I am so ugly, and dare to approach them; but it does not matter: better be killed by them than peeked by the dueks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the girl who feeds the poultry, or starved with hunger in the winter."

Then he flew to the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surfaee of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark, grey bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan; and the great swans swam round the new-comer, and stroked his neek with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden, presently eame some little ehildren, and threw bread and eake into the water.

"See," eried the youngest, "there is a new one;" and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, daneing and elapping their hands, and shout-

ing joyously. "There is another swan come, a new one!"

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty." And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder-tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly duckling."

THE BROOK.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

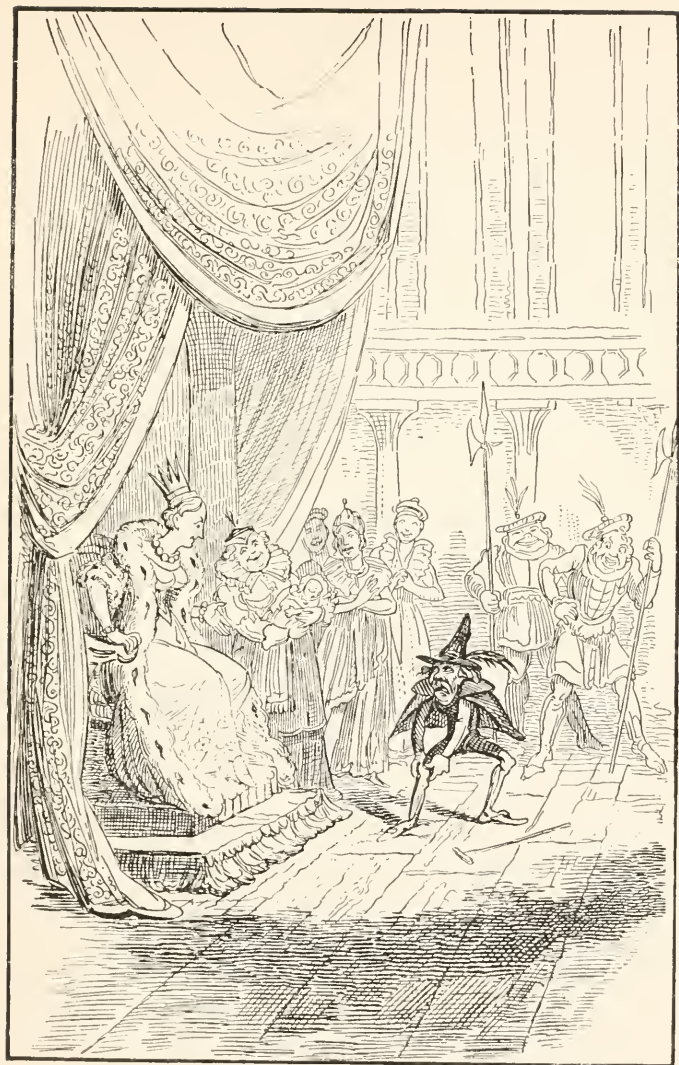
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN.

IN a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was moreover exceedingly shrewd and clever; and the miller was so vain and proud of her, that he one day told the king of the land that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast, his avarice was excited, and he ordered the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber where there was a great quantity of straw, gave



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her a spinning-wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you value your life." It was in vain that the poor maiden declared that she could do no such thing, the chamber was locked and she remained alone.

She sat down in one corner of the room and began to lament over her hard fate, when on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in, and said, "Good morrow to you, my good lass, what are you weeping for?" "Alas!" answered she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how." "What will you give me," said the little man, "to do it for you?" "My necklace," replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and set himself down to the wheel; round about it went merrily, and presently the work was done and the gold all spun.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the little man presently opened the door, and said, "What will you give me to do your task?" "The ring on my finger," replied she. So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel, and by morning all was finished again.

The king was vastly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he was not satisfied, and took the miller's daughter into a yet larger room, and said, "All this must be spun to-night; and if you succeed, you shall be my queen." As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in, and said, "What will you give me to spin gold for

you this third time?" "I have nothing left," said she. "Then promise me," said the little man, "your first little child when you are queen." "That may never be," thought the miller's daughter; and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she promised him what he asked, and he spun once more the whole heap of gold. The king came in the morning, and finding all he wanted, married her, and so the miller's daughter really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child, the queen rejoiced very much, and forgot the little man and her promise; but one day he came into her chamber and reminded her of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and offered him all the treasures of the kingdom in exchange; but in vain, till at last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child."

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard, and dispatched messengers all over the land to inquire after new ones. The next day, the little man came, and she began with Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah, and all the names she could remember; but to all of them he said, "That's not my name."

The second day, she began with all the comical names she could hear of, Bandy-legs, Hunch-back, Crook-shanks, and so on; but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, "That's not my name."

The third day, came back one of the messengers, and said, "I can hear of no one other name; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I

saw a little hut, and before the hut burnt a fire, and round about the fire danced a funny little man upon one leg, and sang:

“Merrily the feast I’ll make,
To-day I’ll brew, to-morrow bake;
Merrily I’ll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring:
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name!”

When the queen heard this, she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little visitor came, and said, “Now, lady, what is my name?” “Is it John?” asked she. “No!” “Is it Tom?” “No!” “Can your name be Rumpel-Stilts-Kin?” “Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!” cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor, that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made the best of his way off, while everybody laughed at him for having had all his trouble for nothing.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

THE bee buzz’d up in the heat.
“I am faint for your honey, my sweet.”
The flower said, “Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!”
“Hum!”
And the bee buzz’d down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

THE NOSE.

DID you ever hear the story of the three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went?

They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old age, when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood through which they must pass; night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in the wood; so to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces; when he was tired, he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He had not sat long before all on a sudden up came a little

man in a red jacket. "Who's there?" said he. "A friend," said the soldier. "What sort of a friend?" "An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades who have nothing left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself." "Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything that he wished for would be fulfilled; then the little man made him a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came, and the first laid himself down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him was always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would.

Then the third soldier's turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn that drew crowds around it whenever it was played; and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning, each told his story and showed his treasure; and as they all liked each other very much and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on, and wished for a

fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats and herds of oxen were grazing about, and out of the gate came a fine coach with three dapple gray horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but it would not do to stay at home always, so they got together all their rich clothes and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighboring king.

Now this king had an only daughter, and as he took the three soldiers for kings' sons, he gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw him with the wonderful purse in his hand. When she asked him what it was, he was foolish enough to tell her; — though indeed it did not much signify, for she was a witch and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other, and then asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning, the soldiers set out home, and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it, but to their great sorrow when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the

story to the princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him. "Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?" "Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back."

So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess's chamber. There he found her sitting alone, telling her gold that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him, she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! Thieves!" so that the whole court came running in, and tried to seize him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so without thinking of the ready way of travelling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast, a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or not one stone would be left upon another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some other way." So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them, and

dressed herself out as a poor girl with a basket on her arm; and set out by night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning, she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Amongst the rest, came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slyly through the crowd and went into his tent, where it hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace; the besieging army went away, the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess, and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man with the red jacket found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part, we cannot live together, let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time, till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, at opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third

apple. A strange feeling came over his nose: when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way; he felt it; it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there, still it grew and grew; "Heavens!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And well might he ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass, and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they; so they traced it up till at last they found their poor comrade lying stretched along under the apple-tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket. "Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing; "well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the little man; "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow

like yours just now; but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did; then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor soldier who had already tried the power of the apple should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating, and had already eaten three when she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom, that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, who said he could cure her; so he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came and of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing fast all night, and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came, and

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“WHEN WILL IT HAVE DONE GROWING?”

the nose was, to be sure, a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than it was when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her;" so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art, what it is; you have stolen goods about you, I am sure, and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it." Then he went to the king and told him how the matter stood. "Daughter," said the king, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn that you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe, he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two brothers, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple-gray horses.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

“Where are you going, Lord Lovel?” she said,
“Oh, where are you going?” said she;
“I’m going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see.”

“When will you be back, Lord Lovel?” she said,
“Oh, when will you come back?” said she;
“In a year or two, or three, at the most,
I’ll return to my fair Nancy.”

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras’ bells,
And the people all mourning round.

“Oh, what is the matter?” Lord Lovel he said,
“Oh, what is the matter?” said he;
“A lord’s lady is dead,” a woman replied,
“And some call her Lady Nancy.”

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple too,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER.

THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his

troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep.

In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, already made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; and all was so neat and true, that it was a complete masterpiece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up and begin betimes next day: but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand. Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.



“THEY DANCED AND CAPERED ABOUT.”

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As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs; and they set themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all amazement, and could not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before day-break; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good office in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of trousers into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and, one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more: but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS.

"DEAR children," said a poor man to his four sons, "I have nothing to give you ; you must go out into the world and try your luck. Begin by learning some trade, and see how you can get on." So the four brothers took their walking-sticks in their hands, and their little bundles on their shoulders, and, after bidding their father good-bye, all went out at the gate together. When they had got on some way, they came to four cross-ways, each leading to a different country. Then the eldest said, "Here we must part ; but this day four years we will come back to this spot ; and in the meantime each must try what he can do for himself." So each brother went his way ; and as the oldest was hastening on, a man met him, and asked him where he was going and what he wanted. "I am going to try my luck in the world, and should like to begin by learning some trade," answered he. "Then," said the man, "go with me, and I will teach you how to become the cunningest thief that ever was." "No," said the other, "that is not an honest calling, and what can one look to earn by it in the end but the gallows?" "Oh!" said the man, "you need not fear the gallows; for I will only teach you to steal what will be fair game; I meddle with nothing but what no one else can get or care anything about, and where no one can find you out." So the young man agreed to follow his trade, and he soon showed himself so clever that nothing could escape him that he had once set his mind upon.

The second brother also met a man, who, when he found

out what he was setting out upon, asked him what trade he meant to learn. "I do not know yet," said he. "Then come with me, and be a star-gazer. It is a noble trade, for nothing can be hidden from you when you understand the stars." The plan pleased him much, and he soon became such a skilful star-gazer, that when he had served out his time, and wanted to leave his master, his master gave him a glass, and said, "With this you can see all that is passing in the sky and on earth, and nothing can be hidden from you."

The third brother met a huntsman, who took him with him, and taught him so well all that belonged to hunting, that he became very clever in that trade; and when he left his master, his master gave him a bow, and said, "Whatever you shoot at with this bow you will be sure to hit."

The youngest brother likewise met a man who asked him what he wished to do. "Would not you like," said he, "to be a tailor?" "Oh, no!" said the young man; sitting cross-legged from morning to night, working backwards and forwards with a needle and goose, will never suit me." "Oh!" answered the man, "that is not my sort of tailoring; come with me, and you will learn quite another kind of trade from that." Not knowing what better to do, he entered into the plan, and learnt the trade from the beginning; and when he left his master, his master gave him a needle, and said, "You can sew anything with this, be it as soft as an egg, or as hard as steel, and the joint will be so fine that no seam will be seen."

After the space of four years, at the time agreed upon, the four brothers met at the four cross-roads, and having

welcomed each other, set off towards their father's home, where they told him all that had happened to them, and how each had learned some trade. Then one day, as they were sitting before the house under a very high tree, the father said, "I should like to try what each of you can do in his trade." So he looked up, and said to the second son, "At the top of this tree there is a chaffinch's nest ; tell me how many eggs there are in it." The stargazer took his glass, looked up, and said, "Five." "Now," said the father to the eldest son, "take away the eggs without the bird that is sitting upon them and hatching them knowing anything of what you are doing." So the cunning thief climbed up the tree, and brought away to his father the five eggs from under the bird, who never saw or felt what he was doing, but kept sitting on at her ease. Then the father took the eggs, and put one on each corner of the table and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "Cut all the eggs in two pieces at one shot." The huntsman took up his bow, and at one shot struck all the five eggs as his father wished. "Now comes your turn," said he to the young tailor ; "sew the eggs and the young birds in them together again, so neatly that the shot shall have done them no harm." Then the tailor took his needle and sewed the eggs as he was told ; and when he had done, the thief was sent to take them back to the nest, and put them under the bird, without her knowing it. Then she went on sitting, and hatched them ; and in a few days they crawled out, and had only a little red streak across their necks where the tailor had sewed them together.

"Well done, sons !" said the old man, "you have made

good use of your time, and learnt something worth the knowing; but I am sure I do not know which ought to have the prize. Oh! that the time might soon come for you to turn your skill to some account!"

Not long after this there was a great bustle in the country; for the king's daughter had been carried off by a mighty dragon, and the king mourned over his loss day and night, and made it known that whoever brought her back to him should have her for a wife. Then the four brothers said to each other, "Here is a chance for us; let us try what we can do." And they agreed to see if they could not set the princess free. "I will soon find out where she is, however," said the star-gazer as he looked through his glass, and soon cried out, "I see her afar off, sitting upon a rock in the sea, and I can spy the dragon close by, guarding her." Then he went to the king, and asked for a ship for himself and his brothers, and went with them upon the sea till they came to the right place. There they found the princess sitting, as the star-gazer had said, on the rock, and the dragon was lying asleep with his head upon her lap. "I dare not shoot at him," said the huntsman, "for I should kill the beautiful young lady also." "Then I will try my skill," said the thief; and he went and stole her away from under the dragon so quickly and gently that the beast did not know it, but went on snoring.

Then away they hastened with her full of joy in their boat towards the ship; but soon came the dragon roaring behind them through the air, for he awoke and missed the princess; but when he got over the boat, and wanted to pounce upon them and carry off the princess, the huntsman took up his bow, and shot him straight in the

heart, so that he fell down dead. They were still not safe ; for he was such a great beast, that in his fall he overset the boat, and they had to swim in the open sea upon a few planks. So the tailor took his needle, and with a few large stitches put some of the planks together, and sat down upon them, and sailed about and gathered up all the pieces of the boat, and tacked them together so quickly that the boat was soon ready, and then they reached the ship and got home safe.

When they had brought home the princess to her father, there was great rejoicing; and he said to the four brothers, "One of you shall marry her, but you must settle amongst yourselves which it is to be." Then there arose a quarrel between them; and the star-gazer said, "If I had not found the princess out, all your skill would have been of no use; therefore, she ought to be mine." "Your seeing her would have been of no use," said the thief, "if I had not taken her away from the dragon; therefore, she ought to be mine." "No, she is mine," said the huntsman; "for if I had not killed the dragon, he would after all have torn you and the princess into pieces." "And if I had not sewed the boat together again," said the tailor, "you would all have been drowned; therefore, she is mine." Then the king put in a word, and said, "Each of you is right; and as all cannot have the princess, the best way is for none of you to have her; and to make up for the loss, I will give each, as a reward for his skill, half a kingdom." So the brothers agreed that would be much better than quarrelling; and the king then gave each half a kingdom, as he had promised; and they lived very happily the rest of their days, and took good care of their father.

HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up; I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after the other, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse. "Ah!" cried Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot, then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulders sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you one thing,—you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried, "Jip."

Away went the horse full gallop ; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside ; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, " This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I am off now once for all : I like your cow a great deal better ; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow ! " " Well," said the shepherd, " if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse. " " Done ! " said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. " If I have only a piece of bread, I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it ; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk : what can I wish for more ? " When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave his last penny for a glass of beer : then he drove his cow towards his mother's village ; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. " I can find a cure for this," thought he. " now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst ; " so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into ; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter

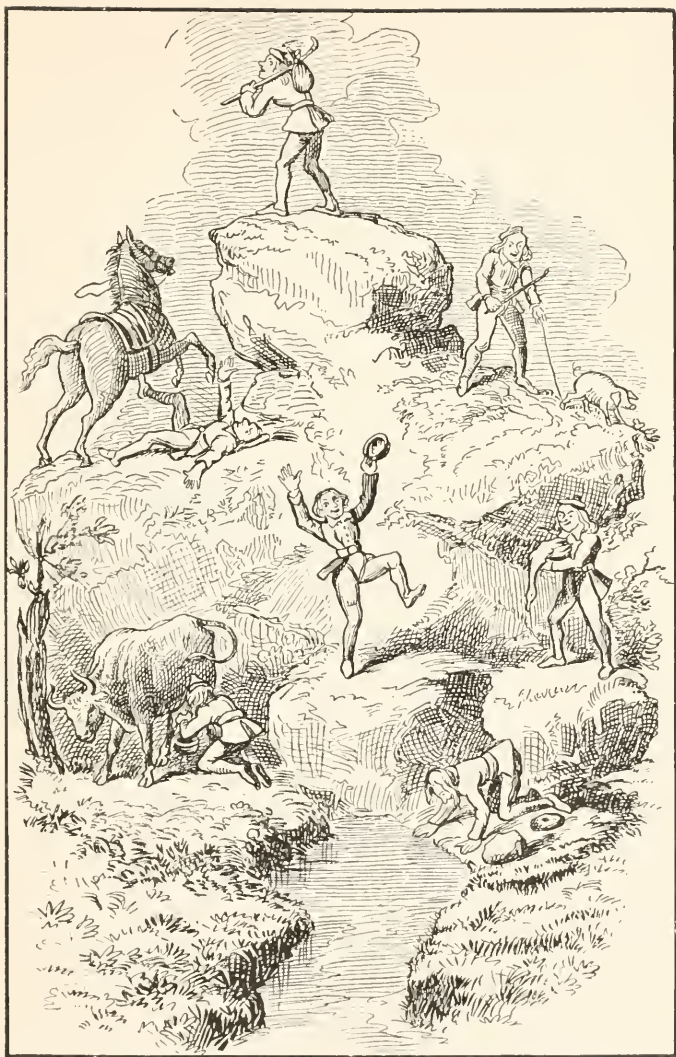
very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, wheeling a pig in a wheel-barrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast good for nothing but the slaughter-house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her, what would she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it; it would, at any rate, make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him. The next person he met was a countryman, carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what o'clock it was; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it, may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a

scrape; in the village I have just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do, will be to throw you into the horse-pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I; take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care.

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing. Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master-grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other. "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it:—but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true: but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other, "you only want a grindstone; the



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rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it; — will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans. "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? there's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since daybreak; he was hungry, too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I," cried he: "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possest one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,
As plainly did appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:

But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:

"To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespake their mother dear:

"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small:
“God bless you both, my children dear!”
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
“The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear;

“God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave.”

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale:
He would the children send
To be brought up in London town
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives' decay:

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hirèd him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So there they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him
And look they did not cry;

And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief;

No burial this pretty pair
From any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:

His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery:

He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
Such was God's blessed will:

Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having died in jail,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke,¹
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

¹ *Eke*, also.

THE HISTORY OF JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

IN the reign of King Arthur, near the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, there lived a wealthy farmer, who had an only son, known by the name of Jack. He was brisk, and of a lively, ready wit; so that whatever he could not perform by force and strength he completed by ingenious wit and policy. Never was any person heard of that could worst him; nay, the very learned he many times baffled by his cunning, sharp, and ready inventions.

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge and monstrous giant, eighteen feet in height and about three yards in compass, and of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of all the neighboring towns and villages. He lived in a cave in the midst of the mount, and he would not suffer any living creature to dwell near him. His feeding was upon other men's cattle, which often became his prey; for whenever he had occasion for food, he would wade over to the main land and seize whatever he could find. The people at his approach ran from their houses. Then he would take their cows and oxen, and make nothing of carrying over on his back half a dozen at a time; and as for their sheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of candles. This he had practised for many years in Cornwall, which was much impoverished by him.

But one day Jack came to the town hall, where the magistrates were sitting in consultation about this giant, and asked them what reward they would give to any

person who would destroy him? They answered, "He should have all the giant's treasure in recompense." "Then I myself," quoth Jack, "will undertake the work."

He furnished himself with a horn, shovel, and pickaxe, and went over to the mount in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, where he fell to work. Before morning he had digged a pit two and twenty feet deep, and almost as broad, and had covered it over with long sticks and straws. Then he strewed a little of the mould upon it, and made it appear like plain ground.

This done, Jack placed himself on the side of the pit opposite the giant's house, just about the dawning of the day, and, putting his horn to his mouth, he blew *tantivy, tantivy*. This unexpected noise roused the giant, who came roaring towards Jack, crying out, "You incorrigible villain! are you come here to disturb my rest? You shall pay dearly for it. Satisfaction I will have, and it shall be this: I will take you whole and broil you for my breakfast." These words were no sooner out of his mouth than he tumbled headlong into the deep pit. His heavy fall made the very foundation of the mount to shake.

"Oh, giant," quoth Jack, "where are you now? Faith, you are in Lob's pound, where I will plague you for your threatening words. What do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will no other diet serve you but poor Jack?" Thus having tantalized the giant for a while, he gave him such a weighty knock upon the head with his pickaxe that he tumbled down, and, giving a most dreadful groan, died. This done, Jack threw the earth in upon him, and so buried him. Then he searched the cave and found a great quantity of treasure.

Now when the magistrates who employed him heard the work was over, they sent for him, declaring that he should henceforth be called, *Jack, the Giant-Killer*. And in honor thereof they presented him with a sword, together with an embroidered belt, on which these words were wrought in letters of gold:—

*Here's the right valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran.*

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over all the western part of the land, so that another huge giant named Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on Jack, if it ever was his fortune to light on him. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonesome wood. Now Jack, about four months after, walking near the borders of the said wood, in his journey towards Wales, grew weary, and therefore sat himself down by the side of a pleasant fountain where a dead sleep seized him. At this time the giant came there for water and found him, and by the lines written on his belt knew him to be Jack who had killed his brother giant. Therefore without making any words he threw him upon his shoulder to carry him to his enchanted castle.

Now as they passed through a thicket the rustling of the boughs awakened poor Jack, who finding himself in the clutches of the giant was strangely surprised. Yet it was but the beginning of his terror, for as they came within the first walls of the castle, he beheld the ground all covered with the bones and skulls of dead men. The giant told Jack that his bones should increase the number

that he saw. This said, he locked up poor Jack in an upper room, and left him there while he went to fetch another giant, living in the same wood, to share his pleasure in the destruction of their enemy.

Now while he was gone, dreadful shrieks and cries affrighted Jack, especially a voice which continually cried:—

*“Do what you can to get away,
Or you’ll become the giant’s prey.
He’s gone to fetch his brother, who
Will likewise kill and torture you.”*

This dreadful noise so amazed poor Jack that he was ready to run distracted, when, going to the window, he saw afar off the giants coming together. “Now,” quoth Jack to himself, “my death or deliverance is at hand.” Saying this, he took two strong cords which chanced to be in the room, and at one end of them made nooses. While the giants were unlocking the iron gate, he threw the rope over their heads, and, drawing the other ends across a beam, pulled with main strength until he had throttled them. He then tied the ends to the beam, and, sliding down by the rope, he came close to the heads of the helpless monsters and slew them with his sword. Thus he delivered himself from their intended cruelty. Afterwards he took the bunch of keys and unlocked the rooms. Upon strict search he found three fair ladies tied by the hair of their heads, and almost starved to death. They told Jack that their husbands had been slain by the giant, and they had been kept many days without food. “Sweet ladies,” answered Jack, “I have destroyed this monster

and his brutish brother, and thus I have obtained your liberties." This said, he presented them with the keys of the castle, and went forward on his journey to Wales.

Jack, having but very little money, thought it prudent to make the best of his way by travelling as fast as he could, but losing his road, he was benighted, and could not get a place of entertainment until, coming to a valley between two hills, he found a large house, in a lonesome place; and by reason of his present necessity he took courage to knock at the gate. To his great surprise, there came forth a monstrous giant, having two heads. Yet he did not seem so fiery as the others had been, for he was a Welsh giant, and all he did was by private and secret malice, under the false show of friendship. Jack telling his condition, the giant bade him welcome, and showed him a room with a bed in it, whereon he might take his night's rest. Therefore Jack undressed himself, but as the giant walked away to another room, Jack heard him mutter these words to himself: —

*"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."*

"Sayest thou so?" quoth Jack. "Is this one of your Welsh tricks? I hope to be cunning enough for you." Then getting out of bed, he put a billet of wood in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead time of the night, the giant came with his great knotty club, and struck several heavy blows upon the bed where Jack had laid the billet; and then returned to his

own chamber, supposing he had broken all the bones in Jack's skin.

In the morning early Jack gave him hearty thanks for his lodging. "O," said the giant, "how have you rested? Did you not feel something in the night?" "No," quoth Jack, "nothing but a rat that gave me three or four flaps with his tail."

Soon after, the giant rose, and went to his breakfast of hasty-pudding, which he ate out of a bowl containing four gallons. He gave Jack a like quantity. Now Jack, who was loath to let the giant know he could not eat with him, got a large leather bag, and put it very artfully under his loose coat, and into this he secretly conveyed his pudding. Then, telling the giant he could show him a trick, he took a large knife and ripped open the bag, and out came the hasty-pudding. The giant seeing this cried out, "Odds splutters! hur can do that hurself!" Then taking the sharp knife, he ripped open his own body, from the top to the bottom, and fell down dead. Thus Jack outwitted the Welsh giant and went forward on his journey.

Now about this time King Arthur's only son wished his father to furnish him with a certain sum of money, that he might go and seek his fortune in the principality of Wales, where a beautiful lady lived, who he heard was possessed with seven evil spirits. The king, his father, advised him utterly against it, yet he would not be persuaded from it; so that he granted what he asked, which was one horse loaded with money, and another for himself to ride on. Thus he went forth without any attendants.

After several days' travel, he came to a market-town in Wales, where he saw a large crowd of people gathered together. The king's son demanded the reason of it, and was told that they had arrested a corpse for many large sums of money which the deceased owed when he died. "It is a pity," said the king's son, "that creditors should be so cruel. Go, bury the dead," said he, "and let his creditors come to my lodging, and their debts shall be discharged." Accordingly they came, and in such great numbers, that before night he had almost left himself moneyless.

Now Jack, the giant-killer, being there and seeing the generosity of the king's son, he was taken with him, and asked to be his servant. This was agreed upon, and the next morning they set out. When they were riding out at the town's end, an old woman called after them, saying, "The man has owed me two-pence these seven years. Pray, Sir, pay me as well as the rest." The prince put his hand in his pocket, and gave her the last penny he had left. "I cannot tell," said he, turning to Jack, "how we shall live on our journey." "For that," quoth Jack, "take you no thought nor care. Let me alone; I warrant you we shall not want."

Now Jack had a small sum in his pocket which served at noon to give them some bread; after which, they had not one penny left between them. The rest of the day they spent in travel and familiar discourse till the sun began to grow low, at which time the prince said, "Jack, since we have no money, where can we think to lodge this night?" "Master," answered Jack, "we shall do well enough, for I have an uncle within two miles of this

place. He is a huge and monstrous giant, with three heads. He will fight five hundred men in armor, and make them fly before him." "Alas!" cried the king's son, "what shall we do there? He will certainly chop us up at a mouthful! Nay, we are scarce enough to fill one of his hollow teeth." "It is no matter for that," quoth Jack, "I myself will go before and prepare the way for you. Tarry here and await my return."

The king's son stayed, and Jack rode forward at full speed. On coming to the gates of the castle, he knocked with such force that all the neighboring hills echoed. The giant, with a voice like thunder, roared out, "Who is there?" "No one but your poor cousin Jack," piped the giant-killer. "What news with my poor cousin Jack?" said the giant. "Dear uncle! heavy news!" answered Jack. "Prithee, what heavy news can come to me?" asked the giant. "I am a giant, and with three heads; and besides thou knowest I can fight five hundred men in armor, and make them fly like chaff before the wind." "Oh, but here's the king's son coming with two thousand men in armor to kill you, and to destroy all that you have," quoth Jack. "Cousin Jack, this is heavy news, indeed!" answered the giant. "I have a large vault under ground, where I will immediately hide myself, and thou shalt lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

Now when Jack had locked the giant fast in the vault, he went back and fetched his master, and they were both heartily merry with the dainties which were in the house. So that night they rested in very pleasant lodgings, whilst the poor uncle lay trembling in the vault under

ground. Early in the morning Jack furnished his master with a fresh supply of gold and silver, and set him three miles forward on his journey; concluding he was, at that distance, pretty well out of the smell of the giant. He then returned to let his uncle out of the hole, who asked him what he should give him as a reward for saving his castle. "Why," quoth Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, together with the old rusty sword and slippers, which are hanging at your bed-head." "You shall have them," said the giant, "and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of excellent use. The coat will keep you invisible; the cap will furnish you with knowledge; the sword cut in sunder whatever you strike; and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness. These may be serviceable to you, and therefore pray take them with all my heart."

Jack took them, thanked his uncle, and followed his master. He overtook the prince and they soon after arrived at the house of the lady held in enchantment by the evil spirits. Finding the king's son to be a suitor, she made a noble feast for him. When it was over, she went to him, and wiping his mouth with her handkerchief said, "You must show me this handkerchief to-morrow morning, or else lose your head." And with that she put it in her own pocket.

The king's son went to bed very sorrowful; but Jack's cap of knowledge instructed him how to obtain it. In the middle of the night the lady called upon her familiar spirit to carry her to her friend Lucifer. Jack soon put on his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, and was there before her. By reason of his coat they could

not see him. When the lady entered the place, she gave the handkerchief to old Lucifer, who laid it upon a shelf near by. From this place Jack took it, and brought it to his master, who showed it to the lady and so saved his life.

The next day she saluted the king's son, and told him he must show her on the following morning the lips she had kissed last that night, or lose his head. "Ah," replied the prince, "if you kiss none but mine, I will." "That is neither here nor there," said the lady. "If you cannot do this, death is your portion."

At midnight off she went as before, and spoke angrily to Lucifer for letting the handkerchief go. "But now," she said, "I will be too hard for the king's son, for I will kiss even thy lips, and thine he will have to show me."

Jack, who stood near him with his sword of sharpness, cut off the imp's head, and brought it under his invisible coat to his master, who was in bed, and laid it at the end of his bolster. In the morning, when the lady came up, he pulled it out, and showed the very lips which she kissed last.

Thus having been answered twice, the enchantment broke, and the evil spirits left her, and she appeared in all her goodness and beauty. She married the prince the next morning, with much pomp and solemnity; and soon after they returned, with a great company, to the court of King Arthur, where they were received with the greatest joy by the whole court. Jack, for the many and valiant deeds he had done for the good of his country, was made one of the knights of the Round Table.

But Jack, who had done well all he had undertaken, resolved not to be idle for the future, but to keep doing what service he could for the honor of his king and country. After a time, therefore, he humbly begged the king to fit him with a horse and money to travel in search of new and strange adventures. "There are," said he, "many giants yet living in the remote parts of the kingdom, and in Wales, to the unspeakable harm of your Majesty's subjects; therefore, if you will give me your aid, I doubt not but in a short time I shall cut them off, and so rid your realm of those devouring monsters in human shape."

Now when the king had heard this noble offer, and duly considered the mischievous practices of these blood-thirsty giants, he immediately granted what honest Jack asked, and gave him all necessaries for his journey. And on the first day of March, he took his leave of King Arthur and all the trusty knights of the Round Table; and set out, taking with him his cap of knowledge, his sword of sharpness, the shoes of swiftness, and likewise the invisible coat, the better to perform the enterprises that lay before him.

Jack travelled over vast hills and wonderful mountains, and at the end of three days he came to a large and spacious wood, through which he must needs pass, when on a sudden, he heard dreadful shrieks and cries; and upon casting his eyes around to observe what might be, he beheld with wonder a giant rushing along with a worthy knight and a fair lady, whom he held in his hands by the hair of their heads, with as much ease as if they had been but a pair of gloves. The sight melted honest Jack into tears

of pity and compassion ; wherefore, alighting from his horse, which he left tied to an oak-tree, and then putting on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness, he came up to the giant and made several passes at him ; yet, though he wounded his thighs in several places, he could not reach the trunk of his body by reason of his height. At length, giving him a swinging stroke, he cut off both the giant's legs, just below his knees, so that the trunk of his body made not only the ground to shake, but likewise the trees to tremble with the force of his fall ; at which, the knight and his lady escaped his rage. Then had Jack time to talk with him, and setting his foot upon his neck, said, " You savage and barbarous wretch, I am come to execute upon you the just rewards of your own villany ; " and with that he ran him through with his sword. The monster sent forth a horrid groan, and so yielded up his life to the valiant conqueror, Jack, the giant-killer, while the noble knight and virtuous lady were both joyful spectators of his downfall.

They not only returned Jack hearty thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him to their house to refresh himself after the dreadful encounter, and to receive some ample reward for his good service. " No," quoth Jack ; " I cannot be at ease till I find out the den which was this monster's home." The knight, hearing this, waxed sorrowful, and replied, " Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second hazard ; for note, this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of his more fierce and fiery than himself ; therefore, if you should go thither, and perish in the attempt, it would be the heart-

breaking of both this lady and me ; so let me persuade you to go with us, and desist from any further pursuit." "Nay," quoth Jack, "if there be another, even were there twenty, I would shed the last drop of blood in my body before one of them should escape my fury ; and when I have finished this task, I will come and pay my respects to you." So taking directions to find their dwelling, he mounted his horse, and left them to return home while he went in pursuit of the dead giant's brother.

Jack had not ridden more than a mile and a half before he came in sight of the cave's mouth, near the entrance of which he saw the other giant sitting upon a huge block of timber, with a knotted club of iron lying by his side, waiting, as he supposed, for his cruel brother's return with his prey. His goggle eyes were like terrible flames of fire, his countenance grim and ugly, and his cheeks looked like a couple of flitches of bacon ; moreover, the bristles of his beard seemed like rods of iron, and his locks hung down upon his broad shoulders like curling snakes or hissing adders.

Jack got off his horse, and put him in a thicket ; then with his coat of darkness on, came somewhat nearer to behold this figure, and said softly, "Oh ! are you there ? It will not be long before I shall take you fast by the beard." The giant all this time could not see him, by reason of his invisible coat ; so Jack came up close to him and aimed a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness. He missed somewhat of his aim and cut off the giant's nose, the nostrils of which were wider than a pair of boots. The giant put his hands to feel his nose, the pain was so terrible ; and when he could not find it, he roared louder than claps of

thunder, and though he turned up his large eyes, he could not see from whence the blow came which had done him the great disaster. Yet he took up his knotted iron club, and began to lay about him like one that was raving mad. "Nay," quoth Jack, "if you are for that sport, I will dispatch you quickly for fear a chance blow should fall upon me." Then as the giant rose from his block, Jack made no more to-do, but ran the sword up to the hilt in the giant's back. He capered and danced, and at last fell down with a dreadful fall, which would have crushed Jack had he not nimbly jumped away.

This second deed done, Jack cut off both the giants' heads, and sent them to King Arthur, by a wagoner whom he hired for the purpose, with an account of his prosperous success in all his undertakings. He then resolved to enter the cave, in search of their treasure; and in his way passed through many turnings and windings, which led him at length to a room paved with freestone. At the upper end of the room was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand stood a large table whereon, he supposed, the giants used to dine. Then he came to a window, secured with bars of iron, through which he looked, and saw a vast number of miserable captives. When they beheld Jack at a distance, they cried out with a loud voice, "Alas! young man, are you come to be one among us in this wretched den?" "Nay," quoth Jack, "I hope I shall not tarry long here. But pray tell me what is the meaning of your captivity?" "Why," said one, "I will tell you: We are persons who have been taken by the giants that keep this cave, and are kept here until they have occasion for a particular feast; then the fattest of us are slaughtered. It

is not long since they took three for this same purpose." "Say you so?" quoth Jack; "well, I have given them such a dinner that it will be long before they have occasion for any more." The miserable captives were amazed at his words. "You may believe me," quoth Jack, "for I have slain them with the point of my sword: and as for their heads, I have sent them in a wagon to the court of King Arthur, as trophies of my glorious victory."

To show that what he had said was true he unlocked the iron gate and set the captives free. He then led them all together to the room, and placed them round the table, and set before them two quarters of beef, and also bread and wine, of which they ate very plentifully. Supper being ended, they searched the giant's coffers. They found a vast store of gold and silver, which Jack divided equally among them. That night they rested in the cave, and in the morning set out for their own towns and places of abode; but Jack turned towards the house of the knight whom he had saved from the hands of the giant.

It was about sunrise when Jack mounted his horse for the journey, and some time before noon he came to the knight's house, where he was received with every expression of joy by the knight and his lady, who in honor and respect of Jack prepared a feast which lasted many days. They invited all the nobles and gentry in that region; and to them the worthy knight was pleased to tell the manner of his former danger and happy deliverance, by the undaunted courage of Jack, the giant-killer; and by way of gratitude, he presented him with a ring of gold, on which was engraved by curious art the picture of a

giant dragging a distressed knight and his lady by the hair, with this motto round it :—

*“ We were in sad distress, you see,
Under a giant’s fierce command;
But gained our lives and liberty
By valiant Jack’s victorious hand.”*

Now, among the many guests there present were five aged gentlemen, who were fathers to some of those captives which Jack had lately set at liberty. As soon as they understood that he was the person who had done these great wonders, they immediately paid him their venerable respects. After this, their mirth increased, and they all drank to the health and success of the hero. But in the midst of their joy a dark cloud appeared, which daunted the hearts of the honorable company. For a messenger came and brought the dismal tidings of the approach of Thundel, a huge giant with two heads, who, having heard of the death of his two kinsmen, was come from the north to be revenged upon Jack for their death; and he was within a mile of the house, the country people all flying before him like chaff before the wind. At this news Jack, not in the least daunted, said, “ Let him come. I have a tool to pick his teeth. I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, walk but into the garden, and you shall joyfully see this monster’s end.” To this they agreed; and every one wished him success in his dangerous enterprise.

The knight’s house was placed in the midst of a small island, which was surrounded by a moat, thirty feet deep and twenty wide, over which lay a draw-bridge. Jack set two men to cut the bridge on both sides, almost to the

middle ; and then dressing himself in his coat of darkness, and putting on his shoes of swiftness, he marched out against the giant, with his sword of sharpness ready drawn. When he came close to him, though the giant could not see him, by reason of his invisible coat, yet he was sensible of some approaching danger, which made him cry out : —

*“ Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman ;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.”*

“ Say you so ? ” quoth Jack, “ then you are a monstrous miller indeed.” At these words, the giant spoke out with a voice as loud as thunder : “ Art thou the villain who destroyed my two kinsmen ? Then will I tear thee with my teeth and grind thy bones to powder.” “ You will catch me first,” quoth Jack ; and with that let the giant see him clearly, and then ran from him as if afraid. The giant, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, followed him like a walking castle, and made the earth to shake at every step. Jack led him a dance three or four times round the moat, that the ladies and gentlemen might take a full view of this huge monster, who followed Jack with all his might, but could not overtake him by reason of his shoes of swiftness. At length, Jack, to finish the work, went over the bridge, the giant at full speed pursuing him with his iron club on his shoulder ; but when the monster had come to the middle, the weight of his body, and the dreadful steps he took, broke it where it had been cut, and he tumbled into the water, where he rolled and wallowed like a whale. Jack stood at the side



"JACK . . . WENT OVER THE BRIDGE."

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of the moat and laughed at the giant, and said, "You told me you would grind my bones to powder ; here you have water enough, pray where is your mill?" The giant fretted to hear him scoff at this rate, and though he plunged from place to place in the moat, yet he could not get out to be revenged upon his foe. At last Jack got a cart rope, with a slip knot, and, casting it over the giant's heads, by the help of a team of horses dragged him out, by the time he was nearly strangled. He cut off both heads with his sword of sharpness, in sight of all the company, who gave a joyful shout when they saw the giant's end ; and before he either ate or drank, he sent these heads after the others to the court of King Arthur.

After some time spent in mirth and feasting, Jack grew weary of idle living ; and taking leave of the knights and ladies, set out in search of new adventures. He passed through many woods and groves without meeting any, until he came late one night to the foot of a very high mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a lonesome house, and an old man, with a head as white as snow, let him in. "Good father," asked Jack, "can your house take in a traveller who has lost his way?" "Yes," said the old man, "if you can accept what my poor cottage offers, you shall be welcome." Jack returned him many thanks for his great civility, and down they sat together to a morsel of meat, when the old man said: "My son, I am sensible of your fame as a conqueror of giants ; it is in your power to rid this country of a burden we all groan under. Now at the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle kept by a giant, Galligantus, who by the help of an old magician, betrays many knights and ladies into his

castle, where by magic art he changes them into sundry shapes and forms. But, above all, I lament a duke's daughter, whom they took from her father's garden, and brought to the castle through the air in a chariot drawn by fiery dragons. She is now in captivity within the walls, and, changed to the shape of a white bird, miserably moans her fate. Many worthy knights have tried to break the enchantment and work her deliverance, but none have been able to do so, by reason of two dreadful griffins that guard the castle gate and destroy any who come nigh. But you, my son, clad in your invisible coat, may pass by them undiscovered; and on the brazen gates you will find, engraved in large letters, the means by which the enchantment may be broken."

The old man ended his speech, and Jack gave him his hand, with a promise that in the morning he would risk his life in breaking the enchantment, and freeing the lady and her unhappy companions. They lay down to rest; but Jack arose early, and put on his invisible coat and cap of knowledge and shoes of swiftness, and so prepared himself for the dangerous enterprise. Now when he reached the top of the mountain, he soon saw the two fiery griffins; but he passed between them without fear, for they could not see him by reason of his invisible coat. When he had got past them, he cast his eye around him, and upon the gates found a golden trumpet, hanging by a chain of silver, under which these lines were engraved:—

*"Whoever shall this trumpet blow,
Shall soon the giant overthrow;
And break the black enchantment straight,
So all shall be in happy state."*

Jaek had no sooner read this inscription than he blew a strong blast, at which the vast foundation of the castle trembled. The giant and the magician were in horrid confusion, biting their thumbs and tearing their hair, because they knew their wicked reign was at an end. Jaek came to the giant's elbow, as he was stooping to pick up his club, and at one blow with his sword of sharpness cut off his head. The magician saw this, and immediately mounted into the air and flew away in a whirlwind. Thus was the whole enchantment broken, and all the knights and ladies, who had been changed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes and likenesses. As for the castle, though it seemed at first to be of vast strength and bigness, it vanished in a cloud of smoke; whereupon a great joy seized the released knights and ladies. According to his wont, Jack sent the head of the giant as a present to the king. The next day, after they had rested at the foot of the mountain, in the old man's cottage, they all set forward for the court of King Arthur.

When they had come to his Majesty, Jaek related all the passages of his fierce encounters. As a reward for his good services, the king prevailed upon the duke to give his daughter in marriage to valiant Jaek, protesting that there was no man so worthy of her as he. To this the duke very honorably consented, and not only the court, but the whole kingdom, was filled with joy and triumph at the wedding. After this, the king, as a reward for all the good service done the nation, gave him a noble dwelling, with a plentiful estate attached thereto, where he and his wife lived the rest of their days in great happiness and content.

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CASABIANCA.¹*Felicia Browne Hemans.*

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm —
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on — he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud : — “ Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ! ”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscieus of his son.

“ Speak, father ! ” once again he cried,
“ If I may yet be gone ! ”
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

¹ Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post in the battle of the Nile after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father ! must I stay ? ”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

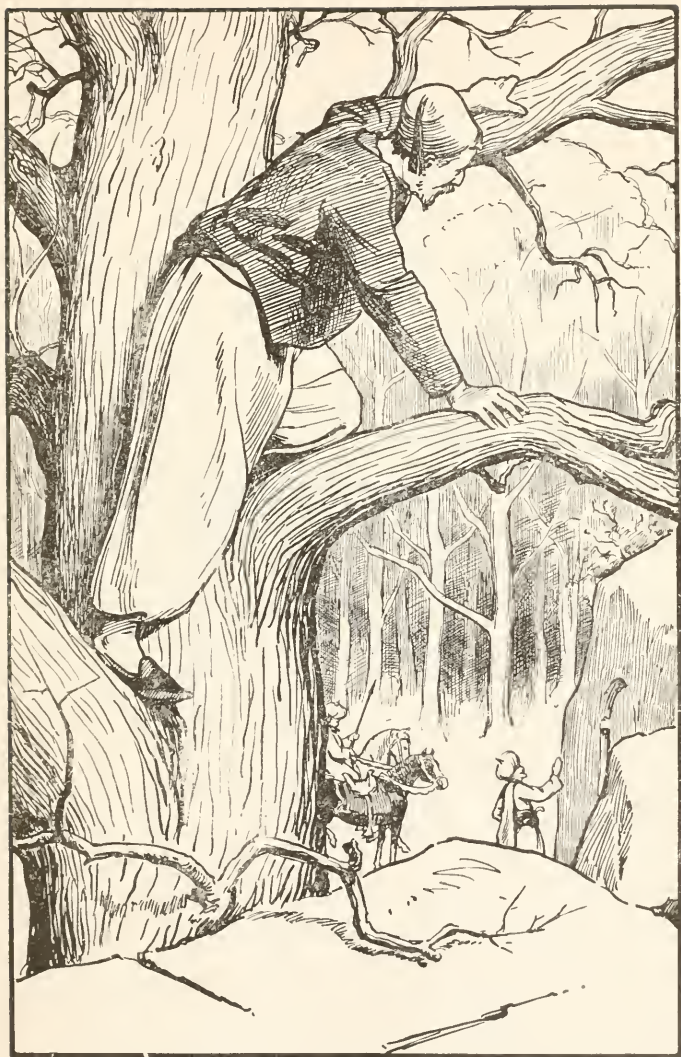
There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy — oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea ! —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part ;
But the noblest thing that perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart !

ALI BABA, OR THE FORTY THIEVES.

IN a town in Persia there lived two brothers, the sons of a poor man; the one was named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Cassim, the elder, married a wife with a considerable fortune, and lived at his ease, in a handsome house, with plenty of servants; but the wife of Ali Baba was as poor as himself; they dwelt in a mean cottage in the suburbs of the city, and he maintained his family by cutting wood in a neighboring forest. One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and preparing to load his asses with the wood he had cut, he saw a troop of horsemen coming towards him. He had often heard of robbers who infested that forest, and, in a great fright, he hastily climbed a large thick tree, which stood near the foot of a rock, and hid himself among the branches. The horsemen soon galloped up to the rock, where they all dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them, and he could not doubt but they were thieves, by their ill-looking countenances. They each took a loaded portmanteau from his horse; and he who seemed to be their captain, turning to the rock, said, "Open Sesame," and immediately a door opened in the rock, and all the robbers passed in, when the door shut itself. In a short time the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out, followed by their captain, who said, "Shut Sesame." The door instantly closed; and the troop, mounting their horses, were presently out of sight.

Ali Baba remained in the tree a long time, and seeing that the robbers did not return, he ventured down, and,



"ALI BABA COUNTED FORTY OF THEM."

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approaching close to the rock, said, "Open Sesame." Immediately the door flew open, and Ali Baba beheld a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with all sorts of possessions, — merchandise, rich stuffs, and heaps of gold and silver coin, which these robbers had taken from merchants and travellers. Ali Baba then went in search of his asses, and having brought them to the rock, took as many bags of gold coin as they could carry, and put them on their backs, covering them with some loose fagots of wood; and afterwards (not forgetting to say "Shut Sesame") he drove the asses back to the city; and having unloaded them in the stable belonging to his cottage, carried the bags into the house, and spread the gold coin out upon the floor before his wife.

His wife, delighted with possessing so much money, wanted to count it; but finding it would take up too much time, she was resolved to measure it, and running to the house of Ali Baba's brother, she entreated them to lend her a small measure. Cassim's wife was very proud and envious: "I wonder," she said to herself, "what sort of grain such poor people can have to measure; but I am determined I will find out what they are doing." So before she gave the measure, she artfully rubbed the bottom with some suet.

Away ran Ali Baba's wife, measured her money, and having helped her husband to bury it in the yard, she carried back the measure to her brother-in-law's house, without perceiving that a piece of gold was left sticking to the bottom of it. "Fine doings, indeed!" cried Cassim's wife to her husband, after examining the measure, "your brother there, who pretends to be so poor, is richer

than you are, for he does not count his money, but measures it."

Cassim, hearing these words, and seeing the piece of gold, grew as envious as his wife; and hastening to his brother, threatened to inform the Cadi of his wealth, if he did not confess to him how he came by it. Ali Baba without hesitation told him the history of the robbers, and the secret of the cave, and offered him half his treasure; but the envious Cassim disdained so poor a sum, resolving to have fifty times more than that out of the robber's cave. Accordingly, he rose early the next morning, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He found the rock easily enough by Ali Baba's description; and having said "Open Sesame," he gained admission into the cave, where he found more treasure than he had expected to behold even from his brother's account of it.

He immediately began to gather bags of gold and pieces of rich brocade, all which he piled close to the door; but when he had got together as much as his ten mules could possibly carry, or even more, and wanted to get out to load them, the thoughts of his wonderful riches had made him entirely forget the word which caused the door to open. In vain he tried "Bame," "Fame," "Lame," "Tetame," and a thousand others; the door remained as immovable as the rock itself, notwithstanding Cassim kicked and screamed till he was ready to drop with fatigue and vexation. Presently he heard the sound of horses' feet, which he rightly concluded to be the robbers, and he trembled lest he should now fall a victim to his thirst for riches. He resolved, however, to make an effort to escape; and when he heard the "Sesame" pronounced, and saw

the door open, he sprang out, but was instantly put to death by the swords of the robbers.

The thieves now held a council, but not one of them could possibly guess by what means Cassim had got into the cave. They saw the heaps of treasure he had piled ready to take away, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had secured before. At length they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and hang the pieces within the cave, that it might terrify any one from further attempts; and also determined not to return themselves for some time to the cave, for fear of being watched and discovered.

When Cassim's wife saw night come on, and her husband not returned, she became greatly terrified; she watched at her window till daybreak, and then went to tell Ali Baba of her fears. Cassim had not informed him of his design of going to the cave; but Ali Baba, now hearing of his journey thither, went immediately in search of him. He drove his asses to the forest without delay. He was alarmed to see blood near the rock; and on entering the cave, he found the body of his unfortunate brother cut to pieces, and hung up within the door. It was now too late to save him; but he took down the quarters, and put them upon one of his asses, covering them with fagots of wood; and, weeping for the miserable end of his brother, he regained the city. The door of his brother's house was opened by Morgiana, an intelligent, faithful female slave, who, Ali Baba knew, was worthy to be trusted with the secret.

He therefore delivered the body to Morgiana, and went himself to impart the sad tidings to the wife of Cassim.

The poor woman was deeply afflicted, and reproached herself with her foolish envy and curiosity, as being the cause of her husband's death; but Ali Baba having convinced her of the necessity of being very discreet, she checked her lamentations, and resolved to leave everything to the management of Morgiana. Morgiana, having washed the body, hastened to an apothecary's, and asked for some particular medicine; saying that it was for her master Cassim, who was dangerously ill. She took care to spread the report of Cassim's illness throughout the neighborhood; and as they saw Ali Baba and his wife going daily to the house of their brother, in great affliction, they were not surprised to hear shortly that Cassim had died of his disorder.

The next difficulty was to bury him without discovery; but Morgiana was ready to contrive a plan for that also. She put on her veil and went to a distant part of the city very early in the morning, where she found a poor cobbler just opening his stall. She put a piece of gold into his hand, and told him he should have another, if he would suffer himself to be led blindfolded and go with her, carrying his tools with him. Mustapha, the cobbler, hesitated at first, but the gold tempted him and he consented; when Morgiana, carefully covering his eyes, so that he could not see a step of the way, led him to Cassim's house; and taking him into the room where the body was lying, removed the bandage from his eyes, and bade him sew the mangled limbs together. Mustapha obeyed her order; and having received two pieces of gold, was led blindfold the same way back to his own stall. Morgiana then covering the body with a winding-sheet, sent for the

undertaker to make preparations for the funeral; and Cassim was buried with all due solemnity the same day. Ali Baba now removed his few goods, and all the gold coin that he had brought home from the cavern, to the house of his deceased brother, of which he took possession; and Cassim's widow received every kind attention from both Ali Baba and his wife.

After an interval of some months, the troop of robbers again visited their retreat in the forest, and were completely astonished to find the body taken away from the cave, and everything else remaining in its usual order. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and shall certainly be undone, if you do not adopt speedy measures to prevent our ruin. Which of you, my brave comrades, will undertake to search out the villain who is in possession of our secret?" One of the boldest of the troop advanced, and offered himself; and was accepted on the following conditions: namely, that if he succeeded in his enterprise, he was to be made second in command of the troop; but that if he brought false intelligence, he was immediately to be put to death. The bold robber readily agreed to the conditions; and having disguised himself, he proceeded to the city.

He arrived there about daybreak, and found the cobbler Mustapha in his stall, which was always open before any other shop in the town. "Good morrow, friend," said the robber, as he passed the stall, "you rise betimes; I should think old as you are, you could scarcely see to work by this light." — "Indeed, sir," replied the cobbler, "old as I am, I do not want for good eyesight; as you must needs believe, when I tell you I sewed a dead body together the

other day, where I had not so good a light as I have now. — “A dead body!” exclaimed the robber; “you mean, I suppose, that you sewed up the winding-sheet for a dead body.” — “I mean no such thing,” replied Mustapha; “I tell you that I sewed the four quarters of a man together.”

This was enough to convince the robber he had luckily met with the very man who could give him the information he was in search of. However, he did not wish to appear eager to learn the particulars, lest he should alarm the cobbler. “Ha! ha!” said he, “I find, good Mr. Cobbler, that you perceive I am a stranger here, and you wish to make me believe that the people of your city do impossible things.” — “I tell you,” said Mustapha, in a loud and angry tone, “I sewed a dead body together with my own hands.” — “Then I suppose you can tell me also where you performed this wonderful business.” Upon this, Mustapha related every particular of his being led blindfold to the house, etc. “Well, my friend,” said the robber, “’t is a fine story, I confess, but not very easy to believe: however, if you will convince me by showing me the house you talk of, I will give you four pieces of gold to make amends for my unbelief.” — “I think,” said the cobbler, after considering awhile, “that if you were to blindfold me, I should remember every turning we made; but with my eyes open I am sure I should never find it.” Accordingly the robber covered Mustapha’s eyes with his handkerchief; and the cobbler led him through most of the principal streets, and stopping by Cassim’s door, said, “Here it is, I went no further than this house.”

The robber immediately marked the door with a piece of chalk; and, giving Mustapha his four pieces of gold,

dismissed him. Shortly after the thief and Mustapha had quitted the door, Morgiana, coming home from market, perceived the little mark of white chalk on the door. Suspecting something was wrong, she directly marked four doors on one side and five on the other of her master's, in exactly the same manner, without saying a word to any one.

The robber meantime rejoined his troop, and boasted greatly of his success. His captain and comrades praised his diligence; and being well armed, they proceeded to the town in different disguises, and in separate parties of three and four together.

It was agreed among them, that they were to meet in the market-place at the dusk of evening; and that the captain and the robber who had discovered the house, were to go there first, to find out to whom it belonged. Accordingly, being arrived in the street, and having a lantern with them, they began to examine the doors, and found to their confusion and astonishment, that ten doors were marked exactly alike. The robber, who was the captain's guide, could not say a word in explanation of this mystery; and when the disappointed troop got back to the forest, his enraged companions ordered him to be put to death.

Another now offered himself upon the same conditions as the former; and having bribed Mustapha, and discovered the house, he made a mark with the dark red chalk upon the door, in a part that was not in the least conspicuous; and carefully examined the surrounding doors, to be certain that no such marks were upon them. But nothing could escape the prying eyes of Morgiana; scarcely

had the robber departed, when she discovered the red mark; and getting some red chalk, she marked seven doors on each side, precisely in the same place and in the same manner. The robber, valuing himself highly upon the precautions he had taken, triumphantly conducted his captain to the spot; but great indeed was his confusion and dismay, when he found it impossible to say which, among fifteen houses marked exactly alike, was the right one. The captain, furious with his disappointment, returned again with the troop to the forest; and the second robber was also condemned to death.

The captain having lost two of his troop, judged that their hands were more active than their heads in such services; and he resolved to employ no other of them, but go himself upon the business. Accordingly he repaired to the city and addressed himself to the cobbler Mustapha, who, for six pieces of gold, readily performed the services for him he had done for the other two strangers; and the captain much wiser than his men, did not amuse himself with setting a mark upon the door, but attentively considered the house, counted the number of windows, and passed by it very often, to be certain that he should know it again.

He then returned to the forest, and ordered his troop to go into the town, and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. In two or three days the jars were bought, and all things in readiness; and the captain having put a man into each jar, properly armed, the jars being rubbed on the outside with oil, and the covers having holes bored in them for the men to breathe through, loaded his mules, and in the habit of

an oil-merchant, entered the town in the dusk of the evening. He proceeded to the street where Ali Baba dwelt, and found him sitting in the porch of his house. "Sir," said he to Ali Baba, "I have brought this oil a great way to sell, and am too late for this day's market. As I am quite a stranger in this town, will you do me the favor to let me put my mules into your court-yard, and direct me where I may lodge to-night?"

Ali Baba, who was a very good-natured man, welcomed the pretended oil-merchant very kindly, and offered him a bed in his own house; and having ordered the mules to be unloaded in the yard, and properly fed, he invited his guest in to supper. The captain, having seen the jars placed ready in the yard, followed Ali Baba into the house, and after supper was shown to the chamber where he was to sleep. It happened that Morgiana was obliged to sit up later that night than usual, to get ready her master's bathing linen for the following morning; and while she was busy about the fire, her lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house. After considering what she could possibly do for a light, she recollected the thirty-eight oil jars in the yard, and determined to take a little oil out of one of them for her lamp. She took her oil pot in her hand, and approached the first jar; the robber within said, "Is it time, captain?" Any other slave, on hearing a man in an oil jar, would have screamed out; but the prudent Morgiana instantly recollected herself, and replied softly, "No, not yet; lie still till I call you." She passed on to every jar, receiving the same question and making the same answer, till she came to the last, which was really filled with oil.

Morgiana was now convinced that this was a plot of the robbers to murder her master, Ali Baba; so she ran back to the kitchen, and brought out a large kettle, which she filled with oil, and set it on a great wood fire; and as soon as it boiled she went and poured into the jars sufficient of the boiling oil to kill every man within them. Having done this she put out her fire and her lamp, and crept softly to her chamber. The captain of the robbers, finding everything quiet in the house, and perceiving no light anywhere, arose and went down into the yard to assemble his men. Coming to the first jar, he felt the steam of the boiled oil; he ran hastily to the rest, and found every one of his troop put to death in the same manner. Full of rage and despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led into the garden and made his escape over the walls.

On the following morning, Morgiana related to her master, Ali Baba, his wonderful deliverance from the pretended oil-merchant and his gang of robbers. Ali Baba at first could scarcely credit her tale; but when he saw the robbers dead in the jars, he could not sufficiently praise her courage and sagacity; and without letting any one else into the secret, he and Morgiana the next night buried the thirty-seven thieves in a deep trench at the bottom of the garden. The jars and mules, as he had no use for them, were sent from time to time to the different markets and sold.

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent his and Cassim's adventures in the forest from being known, the captain returned to his cave, and for some time abandoned himself to grief and despair. At length, however, he

determined to adopt a new scheme for the destruction of Ali Baba. He removed by degrees all the valuable merchandise from the cave to the city, and took a shop exactly opposite to Ali Baba's house. He furnished this shop with everything that was rare and costly, and went by the name of the merchant Cogia Hassan. Many persons made acquaintance with the stranger; among others, Ali Baba's son went every day to the shop. The pretended Cogia Hassan soon appeared to be very fond of Ali Baba's son, offered him many presents, and often detained him at dinner, on which occasions he treated him in the handsomest manner.

Ali Baba's son thought it was necessary to make some return to these civilities, and pressed his father to invite Cogia Hassan to supper. Ali Baba made no objection, and the invitation was accordingly given. The artful Cogia Hassan would not too hastily accept this invitation, but pretended he was not fond of going into company, and that he had business which demanded his presence at home. These excuses only made Ali Baba's son the more eager to take him to his father's house; and after repeated solicitations, the merchant consented to sup at Ali Baba's house the next evening.

A most excellent supper was provided, which Morgiana cooked in the best manner, and as was her usual custom, she carried in the first dish herself. The moment she looked at Cogia Hassan, she knew it was the pretended oil-merchant. The prudent Morgiana did not say a word to any one of this discovery, but sent the other slaves into the kitchen, and waited at table herself; and while Cogia Hassan was drinking, she perceived he had a dagger hid

under his coat. When supper was ended, and the dessert and wine on the table, Morgiana went away and dressed herself in the habit of a dancing-girl; she next called Abdalla, a fellow slave, to play on his tabor while she danced. As soon as she appeared at the parlor door, her master, who was very fond of seeing her dance, ordered her to come in to entertain his guest with some of her best dancing. Cogia Hassan was not very well satisfied with this entertainment, yet was compelled, for fear of discovering himself, to seem pleased with the dancing, while, in fact, he wished Morgiana a great way off, and was quite alarmed, lest he should lose his opportunity of murdering Ali Baba and his son.

Morgiana danced several dances with the utmost grace and agility; and then drawing a poniard from her girdle, she performed many surprising things with it, sometimes presenting the point to one and sometimes to another, and then seemed to strike it into her own bosom. Suddenly she paused, and holding the poniard in the right hand, presented her left to her master as if begging some money; upon which Ali Baba and his son each gave her a small piece of money. She then turned to the pretended Cogia Hassan, and while he was putting his hand into his purse, she plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Wretch!" cried Ali Baba, "thou hast ruined me and my family."—"No, sir," replied Morgiana, "I have preserved, and not ruined you and your son. Look well at this traitor, and you will find him to be the pretended oil-merchant who came once before to rob and murder you." Ali Baba, having pulled off the turban and the cloak which the false Cogia Hassan wore, discovered that he

was not only the pretended oil-merchant, but the captain of the forty robbers who had slain his brother Cassim; nor could he doubt that his perfidious aim had been to destroy him, and probably his son, with the concealed dagger. Ali Baba, who felt the new obligation he owed to Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time, embraced her and said, "My dear Morgiana, I give you your liberty; but my gratitude must not stop there: I will also marry you to my son, who can esteem and admire you no less than does his father." Then turning to his son, he added. "You, my son, will not refuse the wife I offer; for, in marrying Morgiana, you take to wife the preserver and benefactor of yourself and family." The son, far from showing any dislike, readily and joyfully accepted his proposed bride, having long entertained an affection for the good slave Morgiana.

Having rejoiced in their deliverance, they buried the captain that night with great privacy, in the trench along with his troop of robbers; and a few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with a sumptuous entertainment; and every one who knew Morgiana said she was worthy of her good fortune, and highly commended her master's generosity toward her. During a twelvemonth Ali Baba forbore to go near the forest, but at length his curiosity incited him to make another journey.

When he came to the cave he saw no footsteps of either men or horses; and having said, "Open Sesame," he went in, and judged by the state of things deposited in the cavern, that no one had been there since the pretended Cogia Hassan had removed the merchandise to his shop in

the city. Ali Baba took as much gold home as his horse could carry; and afterwards he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret. This secret they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, they lived in honor and splendor, and served with dignity some of the chief offices in the city.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

IN a town of Tartary there lived a tailor, named Mustapha, who was so poor that he could hardly maintain himself, his wife, and his son Aladdin. When the boy was of proper years to serve as an apprentice, his father took him into his shop, and taught him how to work; but all his father could do was in vain, for Aladdin was incorrigible.

His father was therefore forced to abandon him to his evil ways. The thoughts of this brought on a fit of sickness, of which he shortly died; and the mother, finding that her son would not follow his father's trade, shut up the shop; and with the money she earned by spinning cotton, thought to support herself and her son.

Aladdin continued to give himself up to all kinds of folly, until one day as he was playing in the street, a stranger passing by stood to observe him.

This stranger was a great magician. Knowing who Aladdin was, and what were his propensities, he went up to him, and said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha? and was he not a tailor?" "Yes, sir," answered Aladdin; "but he has been dead some time."

The magician threw his arms round Aladdin's neck, and said, "I am your uncle, I have been many years abroad; and now, when I have come with the hope of seeing my brother, you tell me he is dead!"

The magician caressed Aladdin and gave him a very beautiful ring, which he told the youth was of great value.

By these artifices he led Aladdin some distance out of the town, until they came between two mountains.

He then collected dry sticks and made a fire, into which he cast a perfume; and turning himself round, pronounced some magical words. The earth immediately trembled and opened, and discovered a stone with a ring, by which it might be raised up.

The magician said, "Under this stone is a treasure destined to be yours; take hold of this ring and lift it up." Aladdin did as he was directed, and raised the stone with great care.

When it was removed, there appeared a cavern, into which the magician bade him descend; and told him at the bottom of the steps was an open door, which led into a large palace, divided into three great halls; at the end of these was a garden, planted with trees, bearing the most delicious fruit. "Across that garden," said he, "you will perceive a terrace, and in it a niche, which contains a lighted lamp. Take down the lamp; put out the light; throw out the wick; pour out the oil; put the lamp into your bosom, and bring it to me."

Aladdin jumped into the cavern, and found the halls; he went through them, crossed the garden, took down the lamp, and put it into his bosom.

As he returned, he stopped to admire the fine fruit with which the trees were loaded. Some bore fruit entirely white, others red, green, blue, and yellow. Although he imagined they were colored glass, he was so pleased with them, that he filled his pockets, and then returned to the entrance of the cavern.

When he came thither he said to the magician, "Uncle, lend me your hand to assist me in getting up."

"Give me the lamp first," said the magician.

"I cannot, till I am up," replied Aladdin.

The magician would have the lamp before he would help Aladdin to get out; and Aladdin refused to give it to him, before he was out of the cavern. The magician became so enraged, that he threw some perfume into the fire, and, pronouncing a few magical words, the stone returned to its former place, and thus buried Aladdin, who in vain called out that he was ready to give up the lamp.

The magician, by the powers of art, had discovered that if he could become possessed of a wonderful lamp that was hidden somewhere in the world, it would render him greater than any prince. He afterwards discovered that this lamp was in a subterraneous cavern between two mountains of Tartary.

He accordingly proceeded to the town which was nearest to this treasure, and knowing that he must receive it from the hands of some other person, he thought Aladdin very suitable to his purpose.

When Aladdin had procured the lamp, the magician was in such extreme haste to become possessed of this wonderful acquisition, or was so unwilling that the boy should reveal the circumstance, that he defeated his own intention.

In this manner, he forgot also the ring which he had formerly given to Aladdin; and which, he had informed the youth, would always preserve him from harm; but went away without either.

When Aladdin found that he was immured alive in this cavern, he sat down on the steps, and remained there two

days. On the third day, he clasped his hands together in terror and despair at his unfortunate condition.

In joining his hands, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him; and immediately a genius of awful stature stood before him.

“What wouldst thou have with me?” said the terrific form. “I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, whilst thou dost possess the ring that is on thy finger.”

Aladdin said, “Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place, if thou art able.” He had no sooner spoken, than the earth opened, and he found himself at the place where the magician had performed his incantations.

Aladdin returned home as fast as he could, and related to his mother all that had happened to him: she naturally uttered imprecations at the vile magician; and lamented that she had no food to give her son, who had not tasted any for three days.

Aladdin then showed her the lamp, and said, “Mother, I will take this lamp and sell it to buy us food; but I think if I were to clean it first, it would fetch a better price.” He therefore sat down, and began to rub it with sand and water. Immediately an awful genius appeared, and said, “What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and as the slave of all who may possess the lamp in thy hand.” Aladdin said, “I hunger: bring me food.” The genius disappeared; but in an instant returned with some delicate viands, on twelve silver plates; he placed them on the table and vanished. Aladdin and his mother sat down and ate heartily. The victuals lasted them until the next night, when Aladdin took the plates and sold them. As they lived with frugality the money kept them several years.



"AN AWFUL GENIUS APPEARED."

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One day Aladdin saw the princess Badroulboudour, as she was going to the baths. He was so struck with her beauty, that he ran home and requested his mother to go to the sultan, and ask for the princess in marriage. His mother thought he must be mad, and endeavored to dissuade him from such a foolish desire; but he replied that he could not exist without the princess.

He then brought his mother the fruit which he had gathered in the subterraneous garden, and told her to take it as a present to the sultan, for it was worthy the greatest monarch; he having found by frequenting the shops of jewellers, that, instead of being colored glass, they were jewels of inestimable value.

His mother being thus persuaded, set off for the sultan's palace; where, having obtained an audience, she presented the jewels to the sultan in a china vase.

The sultan graciously received the present; and having heard her request, he said, "I cannot allow my daughter to marry until I receive some valuable consideration from your son; yet, if at the expiration of three months from this day, he will send me forty vases like this one, filled with similar jewels, and borne by forty black slaves, each of them led by a white slave in magnificent apparel, I will consent that he shall become my son-in-law."

The sultan, indeed, was unwilling that his daughter should be married to a stranger; but supposing the demand he made would be greater than Aladdin could comply with, he considered that this condition would be as effectual as a refusal; and that, too, without seeming to oppose the young man's request. Aladdin's mother returned home, and told him the stipulations upon which

the sultan would consent to his match. His joy was therefore unbounded, when he found that he was so likely to espouse the princess. As soon as his mother left him, he took the lamp and rubbed it; when immediately the same genius appeared, and asked what he would have. Aladdin told him what the sultan required, and that the articles must be provided by the time appointed; which the genius promised should be done. At the expiration of three months, the genius brought the fourscore slaves, and the vessels filled with jewels. Aladdin's mother, being attired in a superb robe, set out with them to the palace.

When the sultan beheld the forty vases, full of the most precious and brilliant jewels; and the eighty slaves, the costliness of whose garments was as great as the dresses of kings; he was so astonished, that he thought it unnecessary to inform himself whether Aladdin had all the other qualifications which ought to be possessed by a monarch's son-in-law. The sight of such immense riches, and Aladdin's diligence in complying with his demand, persuaded the sultan that he could not want any other accomplishments. He therefore said to the young man's mother, "Go, tell thy son that I wait to receive him, that he may espouse the princess, my daughter." When Aladdin's mother had withdrawn, the sultan rose from his throne, and ordered that the vases and jewels should be carried into the princess's apartment.

The mother of Aladdin soon returned to her son. "You are arrived," said she to him, "at the height of your desires. The sultan waits to embrace you, and conclude your marriage." Aladdin, in ecstasies at this intelligence,

retired to his chamber, and rubbed the lamp. The obedient genius appeared. "Genius," said Aladdin, "I wish to bathe immediately; afterwards provide me with a robe more superb than monarch ever wore." The genius then rendered him invisible, and transported him to a marble bath, where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, and rubbed and washed with waters of the most exquisite fragrance. His skin became clear and delicate; he put on a magnificent garment which he found ready for him; and the genius then transported him to his chamber, where he inquired if Aladdin had further commands for him. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a horse, and let it be furnished with the most costly and magnificent trappings; let there be a splendid retinue of slaves to attend me, and let them be attired in the most expensive habiliments. For my mother also provide an extensive equipage; let six female slaves attend her, each bearing a different robe, suitable even to the dignity of a sultanness; let not anything be wanting to complete the splendor of her retinue. But, above all, bring ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses."

The genius disappeared, and returned with a horse, forty slaves, ten purses of gold, and six female slaves, each bearing a most costly robe for Aladdin's mother. Aladdin entrusted six of the purses to the slaves, that they might distribute the money among the people as they proceeded to the sultan's palace. He then despatched one of the slaves to the royal mansion, to know when he might have the honor of prostrating himself at the sultan's feet.

The slave brought him word that the sultan waited for

him with impatience. When he arrived at the gate of the palace, the grand vizier, the generals of the army, the governors of the provinces, and all the great officers of the court, attended him to the council hall; and having assisted him to dismount, they led him to the sultan's throne. The sovereign was amazed to see that Aladdin was more richly apparelled than he was; he arose, however, from his throne, and embraced him. He gave a signal, and the air resounded with trumpets, hautboys, and other musical instruments. He then conducted Aladdin into a magnificent saloon, where a sumptuous entertainment had been provided. After this splendid repast, the sultan sent for the chief law officer of his empire, and ordered him immediately to prepare the marriage contract between the princess and Aladdin. The sultan then asked Aladdin if the marriage should be solemnized that day. To which he answered, "Sir, I beg your permission to defer it until I have built a palace, suitable to the dignity of the princess; and I therefore entreat you further to grant me a convenient spot of ground near your own palace; and I will take care to have it finished with the utmost expedition." "Son," said the sultan, "take what ground you think proper." After which he again embraced Aladdin, who respectfully took leave and returned home.

He retired to his chamber, took his lamp, and summoned the genius as usual. "Genius," said he, "build me a palace near the sultan's fit for the reception of my spouse, the princess; but instead of stone, let the walls be formed of massy gold and silver, laid in alternate rows; and let the interstices be enriched with diamonds and emeralds.

The palace must have a delightful garden, planted with aromatic shrubs and plants, bearing the most delicious fruits and beautiful flowers. But, in particular, let there be an immense treasure of gold and silver coin. The palace, moreover, must be well provided with offices, store-houses, and stables full of the finest horses, and attended by equerries, grooms, and hunting equipage."

By the dawn of the ensuing morning, the genius presented himself to Aladdin, and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come and see if it accords with your wishes." He had no sooner signified his readiness to behold it, than the genius instantly conveyed him thither. He found that it surpassed all his expectations. The officers and slaves were all dressed according to their rank and services. The genius then showed him the treasury, in which he saw heaps of bags full of money, piled up to the very ceiling. The genius then conveyed Aladdin home, before the hour arrived at which the gates of the sultan's palace were opened.

When the porters arrived at the gates of the royal mansion, they were amazed to see Aladdin's palace. The grand vizier, who came afterwards, was no less astonished. He went to acquaint the sultan of it, and endeavored to persuade the monarch that it was all enchantment. "Vizier," replied the sultan, "you know as well as I do, that it is Aladdin's palace, on the ground which I gave him." When Aladdin had dismissed the genius, he requested his mother to go to the royal palace with her slaves, and tell the sultan she came to have the honor of attending the princess towards the evening to her son's palace. Aladdin soon afterwards left his paternal dwell-

ing; but he was careful not to forget his wonderful lamp, by the aid of which he had become so eminently dignified. Aladdin's mother was received at the royal palace with great honor, and was introduced to the apartment of the beautiful princess. The princess received her with great affection; and while the women were decorating her with the jewels Aladdin had sent, an elegant collation was laid before them. In the evening the princess took leave of the sultan her father, and proceeded to Aladdin's palace. She was accompanied by his mother, and was followed by a hundred slaves, magnificently dressed. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred black slaves, with appropriate officers. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried torches on each side; these, with the radiant illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, rendered it as light as day.

When the princess arrived at the new palace, Aladdin, filled with delight, hastened to receive her. He addressed her with that reverence which her dignity exacted; but with that ardor which her extreme beauty inspired. He took her by the hand, and led her into a saloon, where an entertainment, far beyond description, was served up.

The dishes were of burnished gold, and contained every kind of rarity and delicacy. Vases, cups, and other vessels, were also of gold, so exquisitely carved, that the excellency of the workmanship might be said to surpass the value of the material.

Aladdin conducted the princess and his mother to their appropriate places in this magnificent apartment; and as soon as they were seated, a choir of the most melodious voices, accompanied by a band of the most exquisite per-

formers, formed the most fascinating concert during the whole of the repast.

About midnight, Aladdin presented his hand to the princess to dance with her: and thus concluded the ceremonies and festivities of the day.

On the next morning, Aladdin, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and attended by a troop of slaves, proceeded to the sultan's palace. The monarch received him with parental affection, and placed him beside the royal throne.

Aladdin did not limit himself to the two palaces, but went about the city, and attended the different mosques. He visited also the grand vizier, and other great personages. His manner, which had become extremely pleasing, endeared him to his superiors; and his affability and liberality gained him the affection of the people.

He might thus have been happy, had it not been for the magician, who no sooner understood that Aladdin had arrived at this eminent good fortune, than he exclaimed, "This poor tailor's son has discovered the secret virtues of the lamp! But I will endeavor to prevent him in the enjoyment of it much longer." The next morning he set forward, and soon afterwards arrived at the town in Tartary where Aladdin resided.

The first object he had to attain, was a knowledge of the place in which Aladdin kept the lamp; he soon found by his art that this inestimable treasure was in Aladdin's palace, a discovery which delighted him. He also learned that Aladdin was gone on a hunting excursion, which would engage him from home eight days.

The magician then went to a manufacturer of lamps,

and purchased a dozen copper ones, which he put into a basket. He thus proceeded towards Aladdin's palace; and when he came near it, he cried, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?" This strange inquiry attracted a crowd of people and children about him, who thought he must be mad to give new lamps for old ones; yet still he continued to exclaim, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?"

This he repeated so often near Aladdin's palace, that the princess sent one of her women slaves to know what the man cried. "Madam," said the slave, "I cannot forbear laughing to see a fool, with a basket full of new lamps on his arm, asking to exchange for old ones." Another woman slave who was present said, "I know not whether the princess has observed it, but there is an old lamp upon the cornice; if the princess pleases, she may try if this foolish man will give a new one for it."

This was Aladdin's wonderful lamp which he had placed upon the cornice before he set off on the hunting excursion; but neither the princess, nor those who were about her, had observed it. At all other times, but when hunting, Aladdin carried it about him. The princess, who knew not the value of the lamp, bade one of the slaves take it, and make the exchange.

The slave went and called the magician; and showing him the old lamp, said, "Will you give me a new one in exchange?"

The magician, knowing that this was the lamp he wanted, snatched it from the slave, and thrust it into his bosom, bidding him take that which he liked best. The slave chose one, and carried it to the princess.



"THE SLAVE CHOSE ONE."

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As soon as the magician got beyond the gates of the city, he stopped; and passed the remainder of the day, until it was night, in an adjoining wood, when he took the lamp and rubbed it.

The genius instantly appeared. "I command thee," said the magician, "to convey me, together with the palace thou hast built for Aladdin, with all its inhabitants, to a place in Africa." The genius instantly transported him, with the palace and everything it contained, to the place in Africa which the magician had appointed.

The next morning, the sultan went, as usual, to his closet window to admire Aladdin's palace; but when he saw an uncovered space of ground, instead of a palace, he could not restrain his astonishment and indignation. He went into another apartment, and sent for the grand vizier, who was no less amazed than the sultan had been.

The sultan exclaimed, "Where is that impostor, that I may instantly have his head taken off? Order a detachment of fifty horse-soldiers to bring him before me loaded with chains." The detachment obeyed the orders; and about six leagues from the town, they met Aladdin returning home. They told him that the sultan had sent them to accompany him home.

Aladdin had not the least apprehension, and pursued his way; but when they came within half a league of the city, the detachment surrounded him, and the officer said, "Prince Aladdin, I am commanded by the sultan to arrest you, and to carry you before him as a criminal." They then fastened both his arms, and in this manner the officer obliged Aladdin to follow him on foot into the town.

When the soldiers came near the town, the people see-

ing Aladdin led thus a culprit, doubted not that his head would be cut off; but as he was generally beloved, some took sabres and other kind of arms, and those who had none, gathered stones, and followed the detachment; and in this manner they reached the palace.

Aladdin was carried before the sultan; who, as soon as he saw him, ordered that his head should be instantly cut off, without hearing him, or giving him any opportunity to explain himself. As soon as the executioner had taken off the chains, he caused Aladdin to kneel down; then drawing his sabre, he waited only for the sultan's signal to separate the head from the body.

At that instant, the populace had forced the guard of soldiers, and were scaling the walls of the palace. The sultan ordered the executioner to unbind Aladdin, and desired the grand vizier to tell the people that Aladdin was pardoned. When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he turned towards the sultan, and said to him in an affecting manner, "I beg your majesty to let me know my crime!" "Thy crime," answered the sultan, "follow me!" The sultan then took him into his closet. When he came to the door, he said to him, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look and tell me what has become of it."

"I beg your majesty," said Aladdin, "to allow me forty days to make my inquiries."—"I give you forty days," said the sultan. For three days Aladdin rambled about till he was tired. At the close of the third day he came to a river's side; there, under the influence of despair, he determined to cast himself into the water. He thought it right first to say his prayers, and went to the river

side to wash his hands and face, according to the law of Mahomed. The bank of the river was steep and slippery, and as he stood upon it, he slid down against a little rock. In falling down the bank, he rubbed his ring so hard, that the same genius appeared which he had seen in the cavern.

Aladdin said, "I command thee to convey me to the place where my palace stands, and set me down under the princess's window." The genius immediately transported him into the midst of a large plain, on which his palace stood, and set him exactly under the window, and left him there fast asleep. The next morning, one of the women perceived Aladdin, and told the princess, who could not believe her; but, nevertheless, she instantly opened the window, when she saw Aladdin, and said to him, "I have sent to have one of the private gates opened for you." Aladdin went into the princess's chamber, where, after they had affectionately embraced, he said to her, "What has become of an old lamp, which I left upon the cornice when I went hunting?" The princess told him that it had been exchanged for a new one; and that the next morning she found herself in an unknown country, which she had been told was in Africa, by the treacherous man himself, who had conveyed her thither by his magic art. "Princess," said Aladdin, "you have informed me who the traitor is, by telling me you are in Africa. He is the most perfidious of all men; but this is not the time or place to give you a full account of his iniquity. Can you tell me what he has done with the lamp, and where he has placed it?"

"He carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom," said

the princess; "and this I know, because he has taken it out and showed it to me." "Princess," said Aladdin, "tell me, I conjure thee, how this wicked and treacherous man treats you." "Since I have been here," replied the princess, "he comes once every day to see me; and I am persuaded that the indifference of my manner towards him, and the evident reluctance of my conversation, induces him to withhold more frequent visits. All his endeavors are to persuade me to break that faith I pledged to you, and to take him for a husband. He frequently informs me that I have no hopes of seeing you again, for that you are dead, having had your head struck off by order of the sultan. He also calls you an ungrateful wretch; says that your good fortune was owing to him; beside many other things of a similar kind. He, however, receives no other answer from me than grief, complaints, and tears; and he is, therefore, always obliged to retire with evident dissatisfaction. I have but little doubt that his intention is to allow me some time for my sorrow to subside, in hopes that my sentiments may afterwards become changed; but that if I persevere in an obstinate refusal, he will use violence to compel me to marry him. But your presence, Aladdin, subdues all my apprehensions."

"I have great confidence," replied Aladdin, "since my princess's fears are diminished; and I believe that I have thought of the means to deliver you from our common enemy. I shall return at noon, and will then communicate my project to you, and tell you what must be done for its success. But that you may not be surprised, it is well to inform you, that I shall change my dress; and I

must beg of you to give orders that I may not wait long at the private gate, but that it may be opened at the first knock." All which the princess promised to observe.

When Aladdin went out of the palace, he perceived a countryman before him, and having come up with him, made a proposal to change clothes, to which the man agreed. They accordingly went behind a hedge, and made the exchange. Aladdin afterwards travelled to the town, and came to that part in which merchants and artisans have their respective streets, according to the articles which are the subject of their trade. Among these he found the druggists, and having gone to one of the principal shops, he purchased half a drachm of a particular powder that he named.

Aladdin returned to the palace, and when he saw the princess, he told her to invite the magician to sup with her. "Then," said he, "put this powder into one of the cups of wine; charge the slave to bring that cup to you, and then change cups with him. No sooner will he have drunk off the contents of the cup, but you will see him fall backwards." The magician came, and at table he and the princess sat opposite to each other. The princess presented him with the choicest things that were on the table, and said to him, "If you please, we will exchange cups, and drink each other's health." She presented her cup, and held out her hand to receive the other from him. He made the exchange with pleasure. The princess put the cup to her lips, while the African magician drank the very last drop, and fell backwards lifeless.

No sooner had the magician fallen than Aladdin entered the hall, and said, "Princess, I must beg you to leave

me for a moment." When the princess was gone, Aladdin shut the door, and going to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp, and rubbed it. The genius immediately appeared. "Genius," said Aladdin, "I command thee to convey this palace to its former situation in Tartary." The palace was immediately removed into Tartary, without any sensation to those who were contained in it. Aladdin went to the princess's apartment, and embracing her, said, "I can assure you, princess, that your joy and mine will be complete to-morrow morning."

Aladdin rose at daybreak in the morning, and put on one of his most splendid habits. At an early hour he went into the hall from the windows of which he perceived the sultan. They met together at the foot of the great staircase of Aladdin's palace. The venerable sultan was some time before he could open his lips, so great was his joy that he had found his daughter once more. She soon came to him; he embraced her and made her relate all that had happened to her. Aladdin ordered the magician's body to be thrown on the dunghill, as the prey of birds. Thus Aladdin was delivered from the persecution of the magician. Within a short time afterwards the sultan died at a good old age; and, as he left no sons, the princess became heiress to the crown; but Aladdin being her husband, the sovereignty, it was agreed by the great officers of the state, should devolve upon him. They reigned together many years and left a numerous and illustrious posterity.

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD.

William Blake.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

“Pipe a song about a lamb:”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again:”
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read —”
So he vanish’d from my sight;
And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain’d the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WRITTEN IN MARCH.

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF
BROTHERS' WATER.

William Wordsworth.

THE Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

THE SHEPHERD.

William Blake.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot:

From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

ARIEL'S SONG.

*From THE TEMPEST.**William Shakespeare.*

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

LUCY GRAY.

William Wordsworth.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.

“That, Father ! will I gladly do:
’Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon ! ”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet;”
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

FAIRY'S SONG.

From A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

William Shakespeare.

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see:

Those be rubies, fairy favors —
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

THE FLY.

William Blake.

LITTLE fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live
Or if I die.

THE GRATEFUL BEASTS.

A certain man who had lost almost all his money resolved to set off with the little that was left him, wishing to travel into the wide world. Then the first place he came to was a village, where the young people were running about crying and shouting. "What is the matter?" asked he.

"See here," said they, "we have got a mouse that we make dance to please us. Do look at him; what a droll sight it is! how he jumps about!"

But the man pitied the poor little thing, and said, "Let the mouse go, and I will give you money." So he gave them some, and took the mouse and let it run; and it soon jumped into a hole that was close by, and was out of their reach.

Then he travelled on and came to another village, and there the children had got an ass that they made stand on its hind legs, and tumble, and cut capers, at which they laughed and shouted, and gave the poor beast no rest. So the good man gave them some of his money to let the poor thing go away in peace.

At the next village he came to, the young people had found a bear that had been taught to dance, and they were plaguing the poor thing sadly. Then he gave them too some money to let the beast go, and the bear was very glad to get on his four feet, and seemed quite at his ease and happy again.

But now he found that he had given away all the money he had in the world, and had not a shilling in his

pocket. Then said he to himself, "The king has heaps of gold in his treasury that he never uses ; I cannot die of hunger, I hope I shall be forgiven if I borrow a little, and when I get rich again I will repay it all."

So he managed to get into the treasury, and took a very little money ; but as he came out the king's guards saw him, and said he was a thief, and took him to the judge, and he was sentenced to be thrown into the water in a box. The lid of the box was full of holes to let in air, and a jug of water and a loaf of bread were given him.

Whilst he was swimming along in the water very sorrowfully, he heard something nibbling and biting at the lock ; and all of a sudden it fell off, the lid flew open, and there stood his old friend the little mouse, who had done him this service. And then came the ass and the bear, and pulled the box ashore ; and all helped him because he had been kind to them.

But now they did not know what to do next, and began to consult together, when on a sudden a wave threw on the shore a beautiful white stone that looked like an egg. Then the bear said, "That's a lucky thing ; this is the wonderful stone, and whoever has it may have everything else that he wishes." So the man went and picked up the stone, and wished for a palace and a garden, and a stud of horses ; and his wish was fulfilled as soon as he had made it. And there he lived in his castle and garden, with fine stables and horses ; and all was so grand and beautiful that he never could wonder and gaze at it enough.

After some time some merchants passed by that way. "See," said they, "what a princely palace. The last

time we were here it was nothing but a desert waste." They were very eager to know how all this had happened, and went in and asked the master of the palace how it had been so quickly raised.

"I have done nothing myself," said he ; "it is the wonderful stone that did it all."

"What a strange stone that must be !" said they ; then he invited them in and showed it to them. They asked him whether he would sell it, and offered him all their goods for it ; and the goods seemed so fine and costly that he quite forgot that the stone would bring him in a moment a thousand better and richer things, and he agreed to make the bargain.

Scarcely was the stone, however, out of his hands before all his riches were gone, and he found himself sitting in his box in the water, with his jug of water and loaf of bread by his side. The grateful beasts, the mouse, the ass, and the bear, came directly to help him ; but the mouse found she could not nibble off the lock this time, for it was a great deal stronger than before. Then the bear said, "We must find the wonderful stone again, or all we can do will be fruitless."

The merchants, meantime, had taken up their abode in the palace ; so away went the three friends, and when they came near the bear said, "Mouse, go in and look through the keyhole and see where the stone is kept ; you are small, nobody will see you."

The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back and said, "Bad news ! I have looked in, and the stone hangs under the looking-glass by a red silk string, and on each side of it sits a great cat with fiery eyes to watch it."

Then the others took counsel together, and said, "Go back again, and wait till the master of the palace is in bed asleep, then nip his nose and pull his hair."

Away went the mouse and did as they told her, and the master jumped up very angry, and rubbed his nose and cried, "Those rascally cats are good for nothing at all, they let the mice eat my very nose and pull the hair off my head." Then he hunted them out of the room, and so the mouse had the best of the game.

Next night, as soon as the master was asleep, the mouse crept in again and nibbled at the red silken string to which the stone hung till down it dropped, and she rolled it along to the door; but when it got there the poor little mouse was quite tired, and said to the ass, "Put in your foot and lift it over the threshold." This was soon done, and they took up the stone and set off for the waterside. Then the ass said, "How shall we reach the box?"

"That is easily managed, my friend," said the bear, "I can swim very well, and do you, donkey, put your forefeet over my shoulders;—mind and hold fast, and take the stone in your mouth; as for you, mouse, you can sit in my ear."

It was all settled thus, and away they swam. After a time the bear began to brag and boast, "We are brave fellows, are not we, ass?" said he, "what do you think?" But the ass held his tongue and said not a word.

"Why don't you answer me?" said the bear, "you must be an ill-mannered brute not to speak when you're spoken to."

When the ass heard this, he could hold no longer; so he opened his mouth and dropped the wonderful stone.

"I could not speak," said he ; "did not you know I had the stone in my mouth? now 'tis lost and that's your fault."

"Do but hold your tongue and be easy," said the bear, "and let us think what's to be done."

Then a council was held ; and at last they called together all the frogs, their wives and families, relations and friends, and said, "A great enemy is coming to eat you all up ; but never mind, bring us up plenty of stones, and we'll build a strong wall to guard you."

The frogs hearing this were dreadfully frightened, and set to work, bringing up all the stones they could find. At last came a large, fat frog pulling along the wonderful stone by the silken string ; and when the bear saw it, he jumped for joy, and said, "Now we have found what we wanted." So he released the old frog from his load, and told him to tell his friends they might go about their business as soon as they pleased.

Then the three friends swam off again for the box, and the lid flew open, and they found that they were but just in time, for the bread was all eaten, and the jug almost empty. But as soon as the good man had the stone in his hand, he wished himself safe and sound in his palace again ; and in a moment there he was, with his garden and his stables and his horses ; and his three faithful friends dwelt with him, and they all spent their time happily and merrily as long as they lived.

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

Thomas Hood.

In London once I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And ask'd a little ragged boy
The way that I should go ;
He gave a nod and then a wink,
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I box'd his little saucy ears,
And then away I strode ;
But since I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."
My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a garden fair,
That's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love. —
The place must be a paradise,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

A certain king had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were always counted, and about the time when they began to grow ripe it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree.

The gardener set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another

of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch, and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the third son offered to keep watch; but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him; however, at last, he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch.

As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying that was of pure gold; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; only it dropped a golden feather from its tail and then flew away. The golden feather was then brought to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Every one agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom; but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me, I must have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to find the golden bird very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting; so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it.

Then the fox said: "Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel; I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening; and when you get there, you will see two inns opposite to each other, one of which is very pleasant and beautiful to look at; go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean."

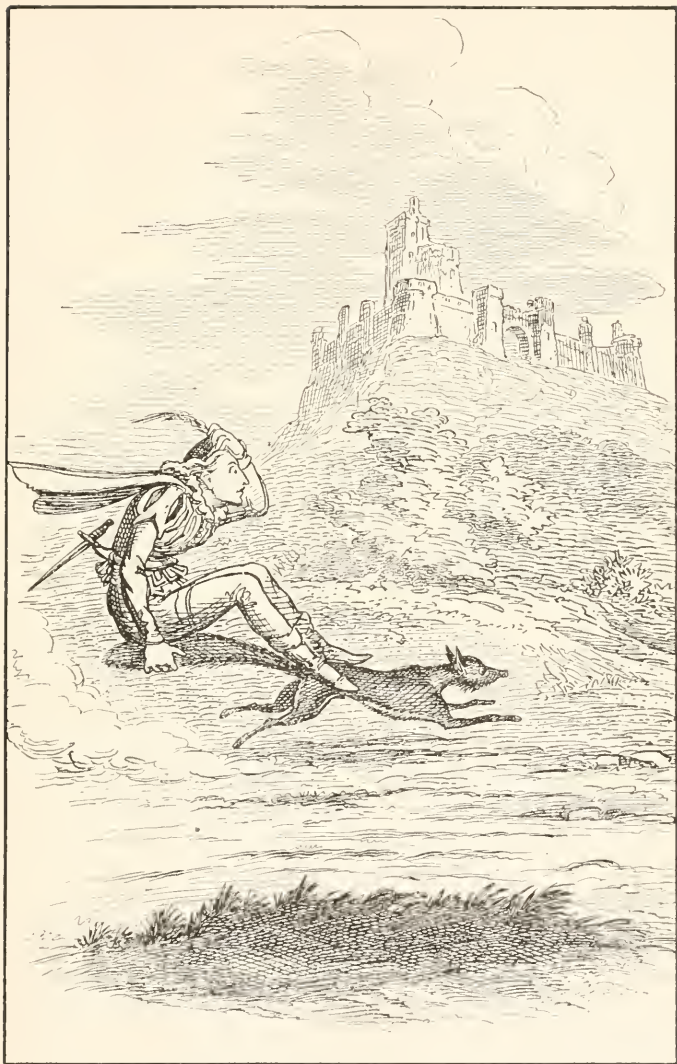
But the son thought to himself, "What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" So he shot his arrow at the fox; but he missed it, and it set up its tail above its back and ran into the wood. Then he went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were; and in one of these were people singing and dancing and feasting, but the other looked very dirty and poor.

"I should be very silly," said he, "if I went to that shabby house and left this charming place;" so he went into the smart house, and ate and drank at his ease, and forgot the bird, and his country too.

Time passed on; and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the fox, who gave him the same good advice; but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merry-making was, and called to him to come in; and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in and forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son too wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not listen to it for a long while, for he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that some ill luck might happen to him also, and prevent his coming back.

However, at last, it was agreed he should go, for he would not rest at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox, and heard the same good counsel. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not attempt his life as



“AWAY THEY WENT OVER STOCK AND STONE.”

his brothers had done; so the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down, and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone so quick that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's counsel, and without looking about him went to the shabby inn, and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again, and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring; take no notice of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage; close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will repent it." Then the fox stretched out his tail again, and the young man sat himself down, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said; so the son went in and found the chamber where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below it stood the golden cage, and the three golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it.

Then thought he to himself, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage;" so he opened the door and took hold of it and put it into the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud scream that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner and carried him before the king. The next morning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it sen-

tenced him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse which could run as swiftly as the wind; and if he did this, he was to have the golden bird given him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great despair, when on a sudden his good friend the fox met him, and said, "You see now what happened on account of your not listening to my counsel. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall; by his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring; take away the horse quietly, but be sure to put the old leathern saddle upon him, and not the golden one that is close by it." Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leathern saddle upon it. "I will give him the good one," said he; "I am sure he deserves it."

As he took up the golden saddle, the groom awoke and cried out so loud, that all the guards ran in and took him prisoner, and in the morning he was again brought before the court to be judged, and was sentenced to die. But it was agreed, that, if he could bring thither the beautiful princess, he should live, and have the bird and the horse given him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowful; but the old fox came and said, "Why did not you listen to me?"

If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse; yet will I once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the princess goes to the bathing-house; go up to her and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away; but take care you do not suffer her to go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again.

As they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said, and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath, and gave her the kiss, and she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he refused, but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet till at last he consented; but the moment she came to her father's house, the guards awoke and he was taken prisoner again.

Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, "You shall never have my daughter, unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window."

Now this hill was so big that the whole world could not take it away; and when he had worked for seven days and had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep; I will work for you." And in the morning he awoke and the hill was gone; so he went merrily to the king and told him that now that it was removed he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess; and the fox came

and said to him, "We will have all three, the princess, the horse, and the bird." "Ah!" said the young man, "that would be a great thing, but how can you contrive it?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can be done. When you come to the king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be very joyful; and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right; then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king, and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird; but you must sit still and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird; and when you get it into your hand, ride away."

This, too, happened as the fox said; they carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a great wood. Then the fox came, and said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my feet."

But the young man would not do it; so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel; beware of two things: ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river." Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is no hard matter to take that advice."

He rode on with the princess, till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he

heard a great noise and uproar ; and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two men are going to be hanged."

As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers ; so he said, "Cannot they in any way be saved ?" But the people said "No," unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals and buy their liberty. Then he did not stay to think about it, but paid what was asked, and his brothers were given up, and went on with him toward their home.

And as they came to the wood where the fox first met them, it was so cool and shady that the two brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of the river, and rest a while, to eat and drink."

"Very well," said he, and forgot the fox's counsel, and sat down on the side of the river ; and while he suspected nothing, they came behind and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All this we have won by our own skill." Then there was great merriment made ; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river's bed ; luckily it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out.

Then the old fox came once more, and scolded him for not following his advice, otherwise no evil would have befallen him. "Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here, so lay hold of my tail, and hold fast."

Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him as

he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set watch to kill you, if they find you in the kingdom."

So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the king's court, and was scarcely within the doors when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. He went straight to the king, and told him all his brothers' roguery; and they were seized and punished, and he had the princess given to him again; and after the king's death he was heir to his kingdom.

A long while after, he went to walk one day in the wood, and the old fox met him, and besought him with tears in his eyes to kill him and cut off his head and feet. At last he did so, and in a moment the fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be the brother of the princess, who had been lost a great many many years.

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

There was an old man
Who lived on a common,
And, if fame speaks true,
He was born of a woman;
Perhaps you will laugh
But for truth I've been told
He once was an infant
Tho' age made him old:

Whene'er he was hungry
He longed for some meat,

And if he could get it
 'Twas said he would eat ;
When thirsty he'd drink
 If you gave him a pot,
And what he drank mostly
 Ran down his throat.

He seldom or never
 Could see without light,
And yet I've been told he
 Could hear in the night ;
He has oft been awake,
 In the daytime, 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep
 As he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue
 Always moved when he talk'd,
And he stirred both his arms
 And his legs when he walk'd !
And his gait was so odd
 Had you seen him you'd burst,
For one leg or t'other
 Would always be first.

His face was the drollest
 That ever was seen,
For if 'twas not washed
 It seldom was clean.
His teeth he expos'd when
 He happened to grin,

And his mouth stood across
'Twixt his nose and his chin.

When this whimsical chap
Had a river to pass,
If he couldn't get over
He stayed where he was.
'Tis said he ne'er ventured
To quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck
He never was drowned.

At last he fell sick,
As old chronicles tell,
And then as folks say
He was not very well.
But what was as strange
In so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees
He could get no physician.

What wonder he died !
Yet 'tis said that his death
Was occasioned at last
By the loss of his breath.
But peace to his bones,
Which in ashes now moulder,
Had he lived a day longer
He'd have been a day older.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

Clement C. Moore.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. NICHOLAS soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap; —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
“Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof —
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*”

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-time
Of Christ, the heavenly king.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth on the mould."

As Joseph was a-walking,
There did an angel sing,
And Mary's child at midnight
Was born to be our king.

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
For his star it shineth clear.



NOTES.

PAGE 3. — “Urashima.” Mr. B. H. Chamberlain has translated admirably a number of fairy tales from the Japanese. There is an element of cruelty in many of them, which makes them undesirable reading for children. This story, one of the most popular among Japanese children, is entirely free from it, and its incidents will recall similar situations in the fairy tales of the Western world.

PAGE 10. — “Nipper” is one of the many charming Dog stories told by the author of “Rab and His Friends.” Dr. John Brown was a Scottish physician and a famous essayist. His chief work is in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, which contains this story and others about dogs.

PAGE 12. — The text of the *Grimm Tales* in this book is that of the first selection presented to English readers, by Mr. Edgar Taylor, *London*, 1823. “The collection from which the Tales are taken,” he says in his Preface, “is one of great extent, obtained for the most part from the mouths of German peasants by the indefatigable exertions of John and William Grimm, brothers in kindred and taste.—The result of their labors ought to be peculiarly interesting to English readers, inasmuch as many of their national tales are proved to be of the highest Northern antiquity. Strange to say, ‘Jack, commonly called the Giant-killer, and Tom Thumb, landed in England from the same hulls and war-ships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon.’ Who would have expected that Whittington and his Cat, whose identity and London citizenship appeared so certain;—Tom Thumb, whose parentage Hearne had traced, and whose monumental honors were the boast of Lincoln;—or the Giant-destroyer of Tylney, whose bones were supposed to moulder in his native village in Norfolk, should be equally renowned amongst the humblest inhabitants of Munster and Paderborn?”

In a letter to Mr. Taylor, Jan. 16, 1823, commending his version and contributing some notes, Sir Walter Scott says: “Independently of the curious circumstance that such tales should be found existing in very different countries and languages, there is also a sort of wild fairy interest in them, which makes me think them fully better adapted to awaken the imagination and soften the heart of childhood than the good-boy stories which have been in later years composed for them. In the latter case, their minds are, as it were, put into the stocks, like their feet at the dancing-school, and the moral always consists in good moral conduct

being crowned with temporal success. Truth is, I would not give one tear shed over Little Red Riding Hood for all the benefit to be derived from a hundred histories of Jemmy Goodchild. . . . In a word, I think the selfish tendencies will be soon enough acquired in this arithmetical age ; and that, to make the higher class of character, our wild fictions — like our own simple music — will have more effect in awakening the fancy and elevating the disposition than the colder and more elaborate compositions of modern authors and composers."

A second series of these German Popular Stories was published by Mr. Taylor in 1826, and both series were reprinted in 1868 with Cruikshank's famous etchings, and an Introduction by Mr. Ruskin, from which the following extracts are taken : —

"In the best stories recently written for the young, there is a taint which it is not easy to define, but which inevitably follows on the author's addressing himself to children bred in school-rooms and drawing-rooms, instead of fields and woods — children whose favorite amusements are premature imitations of the vanities of elder people, and whose conceptions of beauty are dependent partly on costliness of dress. The fairies who interfere in the fortunes of these little ones are apt to be resplendent chiefly in millinery and satin slippers, and appalling more by their airs than their enchantments. . . .

"As the simplicity of the sense of beauty has been lost in recent tales for children, so also the simplicity of their conception of love. That word which, in the heart of a child, should represent the most constant and vital part of its being ; . . . and whose meaning should soften and animate every emotion through which the inferior things and the feeble creatures, set beneath it in its narrow world, are revealed to its curiosity or companionship ; — this word, in modern child-story, is too often restrained and darkened into the hieroglyph of an evil mystery, troubling the sweet peace of youth with premature gleams of uncomprehended passion, and flitting shadows of unrecognized sin.

"These grave faults in the spirit of recent child-fiction are connected with a parallel folly of purpose. Parents who are too indolent and self-indulgent to form their children's characters by wholesome discipline, or in their own habits and principles of life are conscious of setting before them no faultless example, vainly endeavor to substitute the persuasive influence of moral precept, intruded in the guise of amusement, for the strength of moral habit, compelled by righteous authority. . . .

"A child should not need to choose between right and wrong. It should not be capable of wrong ; it should not conceive of wrong. Obedient, as bark to helm, not by sudden strain or effort, but in the freedom of its bright course of constant life ; true, with an undistinguished, pain-

less, unboastful truth, in a crystalline household world of truth ; gentle, through daily entreatings of gentleness, and honorable trusts, and pretty prides of child-fellowship in offices of good ; strong, not in bitter and doubtful contest with temptation, but in peace of heart, and armor of habitual right, from which temptation falls like thawing hail ; self-commanding, not in sick restraint of mean appetites and covetous thoughts, but in vital joy of unluxurious life, and contentment in narrow possession, wisely esteemed.

“ Children so trained have no need of moral fairy tales ; but they will find in the apparently vain and fitful courses of any tradition of old time, honestly delivered to them, a teaching for which no other can be substituted, and of which the power cannot be measured ; animating for them the material world with inextinguishable life, fortifying them against the glacial cold of selfish science, and preparing them submissively, and with no bitterness of astonishment, to behold, in later years, the mystery—divinely appointed to remain such to all human thought—of the fates that happen alike to the evil and the good.

“ And the effect of the endeavor to make stories moral upon the literary merit of the work itself, is as harmful as the motive of the effort is false. For every fairy tale worth recording at all is the remnant of a tradition possessing true historical value ;—historical, at least in so far as it has naturally arisen out of the mind of a people under special circumstances, and risen not without meaning, nor removed altogether from their sphere of religious faith. It sustains afterwards natural changes from the sincere action of the fear or fancy of successive generations ; it takes new color from their manner of life, and new form from their changing moral tempers. As long as these changes are natural and effortless, accidental and inevitable, the story remains essentially true, altering its form, indeed, like a flying cloud, but remaining a sign of the sky ; a shadowy image, as truly a part of the great firmament of the human mind as the light of reason which it seems to interrupt. But the fair deceit and innocent error of it cannot be interpreted nor restrained by a wilful purpose, and all additions to it by art do but defile, as the shepherd disturbs the flakes of morning mist with smoke from his fire of dead leaves.

“ There is also a deeper collateral mischief in this indulgence of licentious change and retouching of stories to suit particular tastes, or inculcate favorite doctrines. It directly destroys the child's power of rendering any such belief as it would otherwise have been in his nature to give to an imaginative vision. How far it is expedient to occupy his mind with ideal forms at all may be questionable to many, though not to me ; but it is quite beyond question that if we do allow of the fictitious representation, that representation should be calm and complete, possessed to the

full, and read down its utmost depth. The little reader's attention should never be confused or disturbed, whether he is possessing himself of fairy tale or history. Let him know his fairy tale accurately, and have perfect joy or awe in the conception of it as if it were real; thus he will always be exercising his power of grasping realities: but a confused, careless, and discrediting tenure of the fiction will lead to as confused and careless reading of fact. Let the circumstances of both be strictly perceived, and long dwelt upon, and let the child's own mind develop fruit of thought from both. It is of the greatest importance early to secure this habit of contemplation, and therefore it is a grave error, either to multiply unnecessarily, or to illustrate with extravagant richness, the incidents presented to the imagination. It should multiply and illustrate them for itself; and, if the intellect is of any real value, there will be a mystery and wonderfulness in its own dreams which would only be thwarted by external illustration. . . .

"In genuine forms of minor tradition, a rude and more or less illiterate tone will always be discernible; for all the best fairy tales have owed their birth, and the greater part of their power, to narrowness of social circumstances; they belong properly to districts in which walled cities are surrounded by bright and unblemished country, and in which a healthy and bustling town life, not highly refined, is relieved by, and contrasted with, the calm enchantment of pastoral and woodland scenery, either under humble cultivation by peasant masters, or left in its natural solitude. Under conditions of this kind the imagination is enough excited to invent instinctively (and rejoice in the invention of) spiritual forms of wildness and beauty, while yet it is restrained and made cheerful by the familiar accidents and relations of town life, mingling always in its fancy humorous and vulgar circumstances with pathetic ones, and never so much impressed with its supernatural phantasies as to be in danger of retaining them as any part of its religious faith. The good spirit descends gradually from an angel into a fairy, and the demon shrinks into a playful grotesque of diminutive malevolence, while yet both keep an accredited and vital influence upon the character and mind. But the language in which such ideas will be usually clothed must necessarily partake of their narrowness; and art is systematically incognizant of them, having only strength under the conditions which awake them to express itself in an irregular and gross grotesque, fit only for external architectural decoration.

"The illustrations . . . are of quite sterling and admirable art, in a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings . . . were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt (in some qualities of delineation unrivalled even by him) . . . they . . . represent, with sufficient degree

to be in the highest degree instructive, the harmonious light and shade, the manly simplicity of execution, and the easy, unencumbered fancy of designs which belonged to the best period of Cruikshank's genius.

"To make somewhat enlarged drawings of them, looking at them through a magnifying glass, and never putting two lines where Cruikshank has put only one, would be an exercise in decision and severe drawing which would leave afterwards little to be learnt in schools."

Thackeray, also, wrote in *Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1846: "The first real, kindly, agreeable, and infinitely amusing and charming illustrations for a child's book in England were the patriarch George Cruikshank's device for the famous German popular stories. . . . Beauty, fun, and fancy were united in these admirable designs."

And Mr. Philip G. Hamerton in his *Etching and Etchers* says: "The two elves (in the 'Elves and the Shoemaker'), especially the nearer one who is putting on his breeches, are drawn with a point at once so precise and vivacious, so full of keen fun and inimitably happy invention, that I have not found their equal in comic etching anywhere . . . the picturesque details of the room are etched with the same felicitous intelligence; but the marvel of the work is in the expression of the strange little faces and the energy of the comical wee limbs."

PAGE 32. — "The Walrus and the Carpenter." "The pleasure of this fairy tale" is familiar to all who delight in the delicate fancies and amusing absurdities of Lewis Carroll's *Through a Looking-Glass*.

" 'You like poetry?' asked Tweedledee.

" 'Ye—es, pretty well—some poetry,' Alice said doubtfully.

" 'What shall I repeat?' said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes.

" ' "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is longest,' Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

"Tweedledee began instantly: 'The sun was shining—'

"Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. 'If it is very long—' she said as politely as she could.

"Tweedledee smiled gently and began again."

PAGE 51. — "The Bee and the Flower." Marion's song in Act IV., sc. i. of *The Foresters*.

PAGE 74. — "The Children in the Wood," according to Ritson, "appears to have been written in 1595, being entered in that year on the stationers' books."

"It is perhaps the most popular of all English ballads," says Professor Child in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, "and its merit is attested by the favor it has enjoyed with so many generations."

Addison called it one of the dearest songs of the people, and the delight of most Englishmen at some time in their life.

PAGE 80. — “Jack, the Giant-Killer.” The text given herewith is formed upon two or three old versions in the Boswell collection of chap-books at Harvard College, vol. 32.

PAGE 102. — Both “Ali Baba” and “Aladdin” are traditional versions of marvellous stories in the *Arabian Nights’ Entertainment*, from the “Child’s Own Book.”

PAGE 135. — “Piping down the Valleys Wild” is the introduction to Blake’s *Songs of Innocence*. “The number of engraved pages in the *Songs of Innocence* alone was twenty-seven,” writes Alexander Gilchrist, Blake’s biographer. “They were done up in boards by Mrs. Blake’s hand, forming a small octavo; so that the poet and his wife did everything in making the book, — writing, designing, printing, engraving, — everything except manufacturing the paper: the very ink, or color rather, they did make. Never before, surely, was a man so literally the author of his own book. ‘Songs of Innocence, the author and printer W. Blake, 1789,’ is the title.” “The Shepherd,” on page 137, is from the *Songs of Innocence*. The text here given is from a reprint of the original edition.

PAGE 136. — “We set forward,” wrote Dorothy Wordsworth in her Diary on the 16th of April (Good Friday), 1802. “The valley is at first broken by little rocky woody knolls that make retiring places, fairy valleys in the vale. The river winds along under these hills, travelling not in a bustle but not slowly, to the lake. . . . When we came to the foot of Brother’s Water, I left William sitting on the bridge, and went along the path on the right side of the lake through the wood. I was delighted with what I saw: the water under the boughs of the bare old trees, the simplicity of the mountains and the exquisite beauty of the path. There was one gray cottage. I repeated the ‘Glow-worm’ as I walked along. I hung over the gate and thought I could have staid for ever. When I returned I found William writing a poem descriptive of the sights and sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them; behind us a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feeding; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet. No smoke there; the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work ploughing, harrowing, and sowing; lasses working; a dog barking now and then; cocks crowing; birds twittering; the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills. . . . William finished his poem before we got to the foot of Kirkstone.”

PAGE 137. — “Where the bee sucks, there suck I.” From the *Tempest*, Act V, sc. i., v. 88.

PAGE 140. — "Over hill, over dale," From *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., sc. i., v. 2.

PAGE 141. — In 1794 Blake put forth the *Songs of Experience* as complement to the *Songs of Innocence*, which he had published five years before. Among them is "The Fly." "As the title fitly shadows," writes Gilchrist, the biographer of Blake, "the series is of grander, sterner calibre, of gloomier wisdom."

PAGE 156. — "The Wonderful Old Man" is from "Tom Thumb's Exhibition, being an account of many valuable and surprising curiosities which he has collected for the instruction and amusement of British youth." This little book belongs to the same group as that in which "Goody Two Shoes" first appeared, was issued at about the same time, and by the same publisher. It is not unlikely that Oliver Goldsmith may have had a hand in its preparation. Certainly these verses are in the same vein as Goldsmith's rhyming story of Madame Blaize. See the note to "Goody Two Shoes" in *The Heart of Oak Books*, II., page 165.

PAGE 161. — "A Christmas Carol" is the second part of the ballad known as the "Cherry-Tree Carol," which Bullen pronounces the finest of all carols. Texts differ, no two being alike. This part is often given as a separate carol, and "is traditional in Somersetshire," says Professor Child, in *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Part III., page 5. The text here given is from Chappell's *Christmas Carols*, edited by Dr. E. F. Rimbault, page 22, without modernizations.

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